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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS.——IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

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1793.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis———in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, in ſeriis viciſſim ad jocos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

GREAT wits jump: for the moment Dr. *Slop* caſt his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the diſpute with my uncle *Toby* about midwifery put him in mind of it)—the very ſame thought occurred. — 'Tis God's mercy, quoth he (to himſelf) that Mrs. *Shandy* has had ſo bad a time of it,—— elſe ſhe might have been brought to bed ſeven times told, before one half of theſe knots could have got untied. —— But here you muſt diſtinguiſh—the thought floated only in Dr. *Slop*'s mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your worſhip knows, are every day ſwimming

quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſts of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. *Slop*, unleſs I make haſte, the thing will actually befall me as it is.

CHAP. II.

IN the caſe of *knots*,—by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots—becauſe in the courſe of my life and opinions—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. *Hammond Shandy*,—a little man,—but of high fancy:—he ruſhed into the duke of *Monmouth*'s affair:———nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots called bow-knots;—there is ſo

little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bona fide*, as *Obadiah* made his;——in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings thro' the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond *implication* of them—to get them ſlipp'd and undone by.——I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe *knots* then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions, which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life—— every haſty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.——'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate —— is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.——Dr. *Slop* had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong di-

rection, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly, in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the beſt of them with the handle of it:——— he tried his fingers—alas; the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.——The duce take it! I can make nothing of it either way, cried Dr. *Slop*.——The trampling over head near my mother's bed-ſide increaſed. — Pox take the fellow! I ſhall never get the knots untied as long as I live.——My mother gave a groan.——Lend me your penknife——I muſt e'en cut the knots at laſt——pugh!——pſha!—Lord! I have cut my thumb quite acroſs to the very bone——curſe the fellow—if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles——I am undone for this bout —I wiſh the ſcoundrel hang'd—I wiſh he was ſhot——I wiſh all the devils in hell had him for a blockhead!———

My father had a great reſpect for *Obadiah*, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner — he had moreover ſome little reſpect for him-

ſelf—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Dr. *Slop* cut any part about him, but his thumb——my father had paſs'd it by—his prudence had triumphed: as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curſes, Dr. *Slop*, upon great occaſions, quoth my father (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) are but ſo much waſte of our ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner of purpoſe.—I own it, replied Dr. *Slop*.—They are like ſparrow-ſhot, quoth my uncle *Toby* (ſuſpending his whiſtling) fired againſt a baſtion. ——They ſerve, continued my father, to ſtir the humours——but carry off none of their acrimony:—for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or curſe at all—I hold it bad——but if I fall into it by ſurprize, I generally retain ſo much preſence of mind (right, quoth my uncle *Toby*) as to make it anſwer my purpoſe ——that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf eaſy. A wife and a juſt man however would always endeavour to proportion

the vent given to theſe humours, not only to the degree of them ſtirring within himſelf—but to the ſize and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.—"*Injuries come only from the heart,*"—quoth my uncle *Toby*. For this reaſon, continued my father, with the moſt *Cervantick* gravity, I have the greateſt veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſcretion in this point, ſat down and compoſed (that is at his leiſure) fit forms of ſwearing ſuitable to all caſes, from the loweſt to the higheſt provocation which could poſſibly happen to him——which forms being well conſidered by him, and ſuch moreover as he could ſtand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for uſe.—I never apprehended, replied Dr. *Slop*, that ſuch a thing was ever thought of——much leſs executed. I beg your pardon, anſwered my father; I was reading, though not uſing, one of them to my brother *Toby* this morning, whilſt he pour'd out the tea—'tis here upon the

ſhelf over my head;—but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb.—Not at all, quoth Dr. *Slop*—the devil take the fellow.——Then, anſwered my father, 'Tis much at your ſervice, Dr. *Slop*—on condition you will read it aloud;——ſo riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of *Rome*, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the leger-book of the church of *Rocheſter*, writ by ERNULPHUS the biſhop——with a moſt affected ſerioufneſs of look and voice, which might have cajoled ERNULPHUS himſelf—he put it into Dr. *Slop*'s hands.——Dr. *Slop* wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows———my uncle *Toby* whiſtling *Lillabullero* as loud as he could all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum.

CAP. III.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et ententeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,—

As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne* upon the queſtion of baptiſm, was doubted by ſome, and denied by others——'twas thought proper to print the original of this excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. *Shandy* returns thanks to the chapter clerk of the dean and chapter of *Rocheſter*.

CHAP. IV.

"BY the authority of God Almigh-
" ty, the Father, Son, and Holy
" Ghoſt, and of the holy canons, and of
" the undefiled Virgin *Mary*, mother
" and patroneſs of our Saviour." I think there is no neceſſity, quoth Dr. *Slop*, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father—— as you have read it over, Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud—— and as Captain *Shandy* ſeems to have no great inclination to hear it———I may as well read it to myſelf. That's contrary to treaty, replied my father:——— beſides, there is ſomething ſo whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the pleaſure of a ſecond reading. Dr. *Slop* did not altogether like it,——— but my uncle *Toby* offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them;———Dr. *Slop* thought he might as well read it under the cover of my uncle *Toby*'s whiſtling ——— as

———Atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatuum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, & ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, & omnium apoſtolorum & evangeliſtarum, & ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum, atque omnium ſimul ſanctorum et electorum Dei, —— Excommunicamus, et *vel* os s *vel* os anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc s malefactorem, N. N. et a liminibus ſanc-

ſuffer my uncle *Toby* to read it alone; —— ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin———he read it aloud as follows——my uncle *Toby* whiſtling *Lillabullero*, though not quite ſo loud as before.

" By the authority of God Almighty, " the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and " of the undefiled Virgin *Mary*, mother " and patroneſs of our Saviour, and of " all the celeſtial virtues, angels, arch- " angels, thrones, dominions, powers, " cherubins and ſeraphins, and of all the " holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all " the apoſtles and evangeliſts, and of " the holy innocents, who in the ſight " of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy " to ſing the new ſong of the holy mar- " tyrs and holy confeſſors, and of the " holy virgins, and of all the ſaints to- " gether, with the holy and elect of God, " ——May he" *(Obadiah)* " be damn'd" (for tying theſe knots)—— " We ex- " communicate, and anathematize him, " and from the threſholds of the holy

tæ Dei eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus, et æternis
vel i n
ſuppliciis excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et ſicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, ſic extinguatur lu-
vel eorum
cerna ejus in ſecula ſeculorum niſi reſque-
n n
rit, et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.

os
Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui homi-
os
nem creavit. Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt. Maledicat il-
os
lum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptiſmo ef-
os
fuſus eſt. Maledicat illum ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans aſcendit.

os
Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et
os
perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat illum

" church of God Almighty we ſequeſter
" him, that he may be tormented, diſ-
" poſed, and delivered over with *Dathan*
" and *Abiram*, and with thoſe who ſay
" unto the Lord God, Depart from us,
" we deſire none of thy ways. And as
" fire is quenched with water, ſo let the
" light of him be put out for ever-
" more, unleſs it ſhall repent him" *(Oba-
diah*, of the knots which he has tied)
" and make ſatisfaction" (for them)
" Amen."

" May the Father who created man,
" curſe him.——May the Son who ſuf-
" fered for us, curſe him.——May the
" Holy Ghoſt, who was given to us in
" baptiſm, curſe him *(Obadiah)*——
" May the holy croſs which Chriſt, for
" our ſalvation triumphing over his ene-
" mies, aſcended, curſe him.

" May the holy and eternal Virgin *Ma-
" ry*, mother of God, curſe him.———
" May St. *Michael*, the advocate of holy

ſanctus Michael, animarum ſuſceptor ſa-
os
crarum. Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.
os
Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum laudabilis numerus. Maledicat
os
illum ſanctus Johannes Præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et ſanctus Petrus, et ſanctus Paulus, atque ſanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua prædicatione mundum univerſum converte-
os
runt. Maledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.
os
Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſa honoris Chriſti reſpuenda contempſerunt. Male-
os
dicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio

" ſouls, curſe him.——May all the an-
" gels and archangels, principalities and
" powers, and all the heavenly armies,
" curſe him." [Our armies ſwore ter-
ribly in *Flanders*, cried my uncle *Toby*,
———but nothing to this.———For
my own part I could not have a heart to
curſe my dog ſo.]

" May St. John, the Præcurſor, and
" St. John the Baptiſt, and St. Peter
" and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all
" other Chriſt's apoſtles, together curſe
" him. And may the reſt of his diſ-
" ciples and four evangeliſts, who by
" their preaching converted the univerſal
" world, and may the holy and won-
" derful company of martyrs and con-
" feſſors who by their holy works are
" found pleaſing to God Almighty, curſe
" him" *(Obadiah.)*

" May the holy choir of the holy vir-
" gins, who for the honour of Chriſt
" have deſpiſed the things of the world,
" damn him —— May all the ſaints,
" who from the beginning of the world

mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

i n n

Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

i n

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo,——

——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———
——— ——— ———

manducando, bibendo, eſuriendo, ſitiendo, jejunando, dormitando, dormiendo, vigilando, ambulando, ſtando, ſedendo, jacendo, operando, quieſcendo, mingendo, cacando, flebotomando.

" to everlaſting ages are found to be " beloved of God, damn him ——— " May the heavens and earth, and all " the holy things remaining therein, " damn him," *(Obadiah)* " or her," (or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

" May he *(Obadiah)* be damn'd where- " ever he be——whether in the houſe " or the ſtables, the garden or the field, " or the highway, or in the path, or in " the wood, or in the water, or in the " church.——May he be curſed in liv- " ing, in dying." [Here my uncle *Toby*, taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continued note to the end of the ſentence.——Dr. *Slop*, with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.] " May he be " curſed in eating and drinking, in be- " ing hungry, in being thirſty, in faſt- " ing, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, in " walking, in ſtanding, in ſitting, in ly- " ing, in working, in reſting, in piſſing, " in ſhitting, and in blood-letting!

i n
Maledictus ſit in totis viribus corporis,

i n
Maledictus ſit intus et exterius.

i n i
Maledictus ſit in capillis; maledictus

n i n
ſit in cerebro. Maledictus ſit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in ſuperciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris ſive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus ſtomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Maledictus ſit in totis compagibus

" May he" *(Obadiah)* " be curſed in " all the faculties of his body!

" May he be curſed inwardly and out- " wardly!———May he be curſed in " the hair of his head!——May he be " curſed in his brains, and in his ver- " tex," (that is a ſad curſe, quoth my " father) " in his temples, in his forehead, " in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his " cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his noſ- " trils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, " in his lips, in his throat, in his ſhoul- " ders, in his wriſts, in his arms, in his " hands, in his fingers!

" May he be damn'd in his mouth, in " his breaſt, in his heart and purtenance, " down to the very ſtomach!

" May he be curſed in his reins, and " in his groin," (God in heaven forbid! quoth my uncle *Toby)* " in his thighs, " in his genitals," (my father ſhook his head) " and in his hips, and in his " knees, his legs, and feet, and toe- " nails!

" May he be curſed in all the joints " and articulations of his members, from

membrorum, a vertice capitis, uſque ad plantam pedis—non ſit in eo ſanitas.

Maledicat illum Chriſtus Filius Dei vivi toto ſuæ majeſtatis imperio.——

" the top of his head to the ſole of his " foot! May there be no ſoundneſs in " him!

" May the Son of the living God, " with all the glory of his Majeſty"——— [Here my uncle *Toby*, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous, long, loud Whew—w—w———— ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of *Hay-day!* and the word itſelf.———

——By the golden beard of *Jupiter*—and of *Juno* (if her majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt of your heathen worſhips, which by the bye was no ſmall number, ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aerial and aquatick—to ſay nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines (that is in caſe they wore them) ——— all which beards, as *Varro* tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſtered up together, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment;——every beard of

——et inſurgat adverſus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, niſi penituerit et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroken and ſworn by—by all theſe beards together then —— I vow and proteſt, that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever *Cid Hamet* offered his——to have ſtood by, and heard my uncle *Toby*'s accompanyment.

—— "curſe him!"—continued Dr. *Slop*,—"and may heaven, with all the "powers which move therein, riſe up "againſt him, curſe and damn him" (*Obadiah*) "unleſs he repent and make "ſatisfaction! Amen. So be it, — ſo "be it. Amen."

I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, my heart would not let me curſe the devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs.—He is the father of curſes, replied Dr. *Slop*. ——So am not I, replied my uncle.—— But he is curſed, and damn'd already, to all eternity, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am ſorry for it, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Dr. *Slop* drew up his mouth, and was

juſt beginning to return my uncle *Toby* the compliment of his Whu—u—u—or interjectional whiſtle——when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one——put an end to the affair.

CHAP. V.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them, ——imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur:——though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing, ——as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, &c. &c. the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *befetiſh'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm,——or to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,——for I have fetch'd it as far as from the coaſt of *Guiney*;—their heads,

Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be prick'd and tortured to death by 'em.

—And how did *Garrick* ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night?—Oh, againſt all rule, my lord,—moſt ungrammatically! betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in *number*, *caſe*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,—ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſettling;—and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times three ſeconds and three fifths by a ſtop watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!——But in ſuſpending his voice——was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe? Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm?——Was the eye ſilent? Did you narrowly look?——I look'd only at the ſtop-watch, my lord.—Excellent obſerver!

And what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about?——Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,——quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compaſſes, &c. my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critick!

——And for the epick poem your lordſhip bid me look at——upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of *Boſſu*'s——'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimenſions.—Admirable connoiſſeur!

——And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group!——and what a price!——for there is nothing of the colouring of *Titian*—the expreſſion of *Rubens*—the grace of *Raphael*—the purity of *Dominichino*—the *correggieſcity* of *Corregio*—the learning of *Pouſſin*—the airs of *Guido*—the taſte of the *Carrachis*—

or the grand contour of *Angelo.*—Grant me patience, juſt Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt——the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horſe worth riding on, to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands——be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great *Apollo!* if thou art in a giving humour—give me—I aſk no more, but one ſtroke of native humour, with a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it ——and ſend *Mercury*, with the *rules and compaſſes*, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments to—no matter.

Now to any one elſe I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world for theſe two hundred and fifty years laſt paſt as originals——except *St. Paul's thumb*——*God's fleſh*

and God's fish, which were oaths monarchical, and, considering who made them, not much amiss; and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fish or flesh;—else I say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse amongst them, which has not been copied over and over again out of *Ernulphus* a thousand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely short of the force and spirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath ——and by itself passes very well—"*G—d damn you.*"—Set it beside *Ernulphus*'s——"God Almighty the Father damn you—God the Son damn you—God the Holy Ghost damn you"—you see 'tis nothing.—There is an orientality in his, we cannot rise up to: besides, he is more copious in his invention—possess'd more of the excellencies of a swearer——had such a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations,—that when *Ernulphus* cursed—no part escaped him.—'Tis true there is something of a *hardness*

in his manner——and, as in *Michael Angelo*, a want of *grace*——but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of *guſto!*

My father, who generally look'd upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.——He conſidered rather *Ernulphus*'s anathema, as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the decline of *ſwearing* in ſome milder pontificate, *Ernulphus*, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;—for the ſame reaſon that *Juſtinian*, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor *Tribonian* to collect the *Roman* or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt——leſt, through the ruſt of time——and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition—they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oft-times affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of *William* the Conqueror (*By the ſplendour*

of God) down to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger *(Damn your eyes)* which was not to be found in *Ernulphus*.—In ſhort, he would add—I defy a man to ſwear *out* of it.

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's, ſingular and ingenious too;—— nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. VI.

——BLESS my ſoul!—my poor miſtreſs is ready to faint—— and her pains are gone—and the drops are done—and the bottle of julap is broke——and the nurſe has cut her arm —(and I, my thumb, cried Dr. *Slop,)* and the child is where it was, continued *Suſannah*,—and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruiſed her hip as black as your hat.—I'll look at it, quoth Dr. *Slop*.—There is no need of that, replied *Suſannah*,—you had better look at my miſtreſs—but the midwife would glad-

ly firſt give you an account how things are, ſo deſires you would go up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this moment.

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Dr. *Slop*'s head—He had not digeſted it.—No, replied Dr. *Slop*, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.—I like ſubordination, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—and but for it, after the reduction of *Liſle*, I know not what might have become of the garriſon of *Ghent*, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.—Nor, replied Dr. *Slop*, (parodying my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſical reflection; though full as hobby-horſical himſelf) ———do I know, Captain *Shandy*, what might have become of the garriſon above ſtairs, in the mutiny and confuſion I find all things are in at preſent, but for the ſubordination of fingers and thumbs to ******———the application [of which, Sir, under this accident of mine, comes in ſo *à propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by

the *Shandy* family, as long as the *Shandy* family had a name.

CHAP. VII.

LET us go back to the ******—— in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo, when eloquence flouriſhed at *Athens* and *Rome*, and would be ſo now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pink'd doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a three-halpenny pickle pot—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as *Tully*'s ſecond *Philippick*—it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's mantle.—And then again, if too old,—it muſt have been unwieldly and incommodious to his action—ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he

could gain by it.—Otherwiſe, when a ſtate orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute——hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it——and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay, it came in by head and ſhoulders—Oh Sirs! it has done wonders—It has open'd the ſluices, and turn'd the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhinged the politicks of half a nation.

Theſe feats however are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles——and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtyle of deſign.—All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your worſhips, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at preſent, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world, but ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of

trunk-hoſe.——We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. VIII.

DR. *Slop* was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my uncle *Toby*—'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him: for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new-invented *forceps*, he thruſt his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, when your reverences took ſo much notice of the ***, which had he managed ——my uncle *Toby* had certainly been overthrown: the ſentence and the argument in that caſe jumping cloſely in one point, ſo like the two lines which form the ſalient angle of a ravelin,——Dr. *Slop* would never have given them up;—and my uncle *Toby* would as ſoon have thought of flying, as taking them by

force: but Dr. *Slop* fumbled ſo vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worſe evil (for they ſeldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his *forceps*, his *forceps* unfortunately drew out the *ſquirt* along with it.

When a propoſition can be taken in two ſenſes—'tis a law in diſputation, That the reſpondent may reply to which of the two he pleaſes, or finds moſt convenient for him.——This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle *Toby*'s ſide.——"Good God!" cried my uncle *Toby*, "*are children brought* "*into the world with a ſquirt?*"

CHAP. IX.

—UPON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of ſkin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle *Toby*—and you have cruſh'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly. 'Tis your own fault, ſaid Dr. *Slop*——you ſhould

have clinch'd your two fiſts together into the form of a child's head as I told you, and ſat firm.—I did ſo, anſwered my uncle *Toby*.——Then the points of my forceps have not been ſufficiently arm'd, or the rivet wants cloſing—or elſe the cut on my thumb has made me a little aukward—or poſſibly—'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of poſſibilities—that the experiment was not firſt made upon my child's head-piece. ———It would not have been a cherry-ſtone the worſe, anſwered Dr. *Slop*.—I maintain it, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, it would have broke the cerebellum (unleſs indeed the ſkull had been as hard as a granado) and turn'd it all into a perfect poſſet.———Pſhaw! replied Dr. *Slop*, a child's head is naturally as ſoft as the pap of an apple;—the ſutures give way—and beſides, I could have extracted by the feet after.—Not you, ſaid ſhe.——I rather wiſh you would begin that way, quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. X.

—— AND pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to ſay, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head?———'Tis moſt certainly the head, replied the midwife. Becauſe, continued Dr. *Slop* (turning to my father) as poſitive as theſe old ladies generally are—'tis a point very difficult to know—and yet of the greateſt conſequence to be known;——becauſe, Sir, if the hip is miſtaken for the head—there is a poſſibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

——What the poſſibility was, Dr. *Slop* whiſpered very low to my father, and then to my uncle *Toby*.——There is no ſuch danger, continued he, with the head.—No, in truth, quoth my father—but when your poſſibility has taken place at the hip—you may as well take off the head too.

——It is morally impoſſible the read-

er ſhould underſtand this——'tis enough Dr. *Slop* underſtood it;——ſo taking the green baize bag in his hand, with the help of *Obadiah*'s pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his ſize, acroſs the room to the door———and from the door was ſhewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAP. XI.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes—and no more—cried my father, looking at his watch, ſince Dr. *Slop* and *Obadiah* arrived - and I know not how it happens, brother *Toby*— but to my imgination it ſeems almoſt an age.

——Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your ſervice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, "*he knew not*

" *how it happen'd,*"—yet he knew very well how it happen'd;——and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was pre-determined in his mind to give my uncle *Toby* a clear account of the matter by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of *duration and its ſimple modes*, in order to ſhew my uncle *Toby* by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of the diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Dr. *Slop* had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceivable an extent.——" I know not " how it happens—cried my father,— " but it ſeems an age."

——'Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to the ſucceſſion of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch, in common with all philoſophers, of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatch'd out of

his hands by my uncle *Toby*, who (honeſt man!) generally took every thing as it happened;——and who, of all things in the world, troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking;—the ideas of time and ſpace—or how we came by thoſe ideas—or of what ſtuff they were made——or whether they were born with us—or we picked them up afterwards as we went along—or whether we did it in frocks——or not till we had got into breeches—with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and cracked——never did my uncle *Toby*'s the leaſt injury at all; my father knew it—and was no leſs ſurprized than he was diſappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

Do you underſtand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

— But you have ſome ideas, ſaid my father, of what you talk about?—

No more than my horſe, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Gracious heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together —— there is a worth in thy honeſt ignorance, brother *Toby*—— 'twere almoſt a pity to exchange it for a knowledge.—But I'll tell thee.——

To underſtand what *time* is aright, without which we never can comprehend *infinity*, inſomuch as one is a portion of the other——we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what idea it is we have of *duration*, ſo as to give a ſatisfactory account how we came by it.—— What is that to any body? quoth my uncle *Toby*. * *For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your mind*, continued my father, *and obſerve attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilſt you and I are talking together, and thinking, and ſmoking our pipes, or whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exiſt, and ſo we eſtimate the exiſtence, or*

* Vide Locke.

the continuation of the exiſtence of ourſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſurate to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourſelves, or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting with our thinking —— *and ſo according to that preconceived* —— You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle *Toby*.

———'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of *time*, we are ſo uſed to minutes, hours, weeks, and months——and of clocks (I wiſh there was not a clock in the kingdom) to meaſure out their ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe who belong to us—— that 'twill be well, if in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of our ideas* be of any uſe or ſervice to us at all.

Now, whether we obſerve it or no, continued my father, in every ſound man's head, there is a regular ſucceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, which follow each other in train juſt like———A train of artillery? ſaid my uncle *Toby* —— A train of a fiddle-ſtick! — quoth my father — which follow and ſucceed

one another in our minds at certain diſtances, juſt like the images in the inſide of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle.—I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, mine are more like a ſmoke-jack. ———Then, brother *Toby*, I have nothing more to ſay to you upon that ſubject, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XII.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here loſt!——My father in one of his beſt explanatory moods—in eager purſuit of a metaphyſical point into the very regions, where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about;—my uncle *Toby* in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world;—his head like a ſmoke-jack;——the funnel unſwept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter! —By the tomb-ſtone of *Lucian*——if it is in being——if not, why then by his aſhes! by the aſhes of my dear *Rabelais*,

and dearer *Cervantes!*———my father and my uncle *Toby*'s diſcourſe upon TIME and ETERNITY——was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour, in putting a ſtop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic Treaſury* of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men are ever likely to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XIII.

THO' my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe—yet he could not get my uncle *Toby*'s ſmoke-jack out of his head—piqued as he was at firſt with it;—there was ſomething in the compariſon at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe, reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand——but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire——he began to commune with himſelf, and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and

the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe——— the idea of the ſmoke-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down—ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle *Toby*, his ſmoke-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell aſleep alſo.——Peace be with them both!——Dr. *Slop* is engaged with the midwife and my mother above ſtairs. ——*Trim* is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of *Meſſina* next ſummer—and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.——All my heroes are off my hands;—'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my preface.

The AUTHOR's PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it——here it is;—in publiſhing it—I have appealed to the world——and to the world I leave it;—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is—when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out—a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great Author and Beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me———ſo that, as your worſhips ſee—'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, *Agalaſtes* (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, That there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows——but no judgment at all. And *Triptolemus* and *Phutatorius* agreeing thereto, aſk, How is it poſſible there ſhould? for that wit and judgment in this world never go toge-

ther; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt from weſt———So, ſays *Locke*——ſo are farting and hickuping, ſay I. But in anſwer to this, *Didius* the great church lawyer, in his code *de fartendi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illuſtration is no argument——nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm;——but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips, ſee the better for it———ſo that the main good theſe things do is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any little motes, or ſpecks of opacular matter, which, if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandeans, and thrice able criticks, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this Preface)——— and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom;——*Monopolus*, my politician—*Didius*, my

counſel; *Kyſarcius*, my friend;—*Phutatorius*, my guide;——*Gaſtripheres*, the preſerver of my life; *Somnolentius*, the balm and repoſe of it——not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all together.———Believe me, right worthy,

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us——is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them———ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—ſcum and ſediment and all (for I would not have a drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains———in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected

and tunn'd into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſh'd, ſaturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!——how ſhould I tickle it off!——and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers!——and you—juſt heaven!——with what raptures would you ſit and read—but oh!—'tis too much——I am ſick——I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me——I am giddy—I am ſtone blind—I'm dying—I am gone.—Help! Help! Help!—But hold—I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits—we ſhould never agree amongſt ourſelves, one day to an end:——there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm——ſcoffing and flouting,

with raillying and reparteeing of it—thruſting and parrying in one corner or another——there would be nothing but miſchief among us——Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make, what with breaking of heads, rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places—there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and kindneſs, milk and honey—'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe—a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had—ſo that upon the whole we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe

heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf—there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great eſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in *Nova Zembla*, *North Lapland*, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracks of the globe, which lie more directly under the arctick and antarctick circles, where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which

belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf—there the leaſt quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the buſineſs —and of *wit*——there is a total and an abſolute ſaving—for as not one ſpark is wanted—ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! what a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's ſake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into *Norway*—croſſing over *Swedeland*, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of *Anegrmania* to the lake of *Bothnia*; coaſting along it through eaſt and weſt *Bothnia*, down to *Carelia*, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the *Gulf* of *Finland*, and the north-eaſt of the *Baltick*, up to *Peterſbourg*, and juſt ſtepping into *Ingria*;—then ſtretching over directly

from thence through the north parts of the *Ruſſian* empire — leaving *Siberia* a little upon the left hand, till we got into the very heart of *Ruſſian* and *Aſiatick Tartary*.

Now through this long tour which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have juſt left:— for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain *houſhold* judgment, which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with——and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper balance betwixt them, and I am ſatisfied moreover they would want occaſions to put them to uſe.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant iſland, where you perceive the ſpring-tide of our blood and humours runs

high———where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whoreſon paſſions upon our hands to govern and ſubject to reaſon ———the *height* of our wit, and the *depth* of our judgment, you ſee, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our neceſſities———and accordingly we have them ſent down amongſt us in ſuch a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and ſettled way;—ſo that ſometimes for near half a century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us:——the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up——then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury——you would think they would never ſtop:——and then it

is, that in writing, and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which *Suidas* calls *dialectick induction*———that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable;

That of theſe two luminaries ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us, as he, whoſe infinite wiſdom which diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the ex-

ordium wiſhed it—I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives ——running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journies end;—— ſome falling with their noſes perpendicularly into ſinks——others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting full but againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs.—Here the brethren of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the contrary like a flock of wild geeſe, all in a row the ſame way.—What confuſion!—what miſtakes!——fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears —admirable!—truſting to the paſſions excited—in an air ſung, or a ſtory painted to the heart——inſtead of meaſuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a

ſtateſman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round——*againſt* the ſtream of corruption—by Heaven! ——inſtead of *with* it.

In this corner, a ſon of the divine *Eſculapius*, writing a book againſt predeſtination; perhaps worſe—feeling his patient's pulſe, inſtead of his apothecary's——a brother of the Faculty in the back-ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveneſs;—offering a fee—inſtead of taking one.

In that ſpacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damn'd, dirty, vexatious cauſe before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way!——kicking it *out* of the great doors, inſtead of, *in*——and with ſuch fury in their looks, and ſuch a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preſervation of mankind:———perhaps a more enormous miſtake committed by them ſtill———a litigated point fairly hung

up;———for inſtance, Whether *John o'Nokes* his noſe could ſtand in *Tom o'Stiles* his face, without a treſpaſs, or not—raſhly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pros and cons required in ſo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months——and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an ACTION ſhould be, with all the ſtratagems practicable therein,——ſuch as feints,——forced marches,——ſurprizes——ambuſcades——maſk-batteries, and a thouſand other ſtrokes of generalſhip, which conſiſt in catching at all advantages on both ſides———might reaſonably have laſted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profeſſion.

As for the Clergy———No——if I ſay a word againſt them, I'll be ſhot.——I have no deſire;—and beſides, if I had—I durſt not for my ſoul touch upon the ſubject——with ſuch weak nerves and ſpirits, and in the condition

I am in at preſent, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contriſt myſelf with ſo bad and melancholy an account—and therefore 'tis ſafer to draw a curtain acroſs, and haſten from it, as faſt as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up——and that is, How it comes to paſs, that your men of leaſt *wit* are reported to be men of moſt *judgment*.—— But mark—I ſay, *reported to be*—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon truſt, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This by the help of the obſervation already premiſed, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worſhips, I ſhall forthwith make appear.

I hate ſet diſſertations——and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the ſilleſt things in one of them, to darken your hypotheſis by placing a number of tall, opake words, one before another,

in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception—when in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have ſeen ſomething ſtanding, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—"for what hindrance, "hurt, or harm doth the laudable de-"ſire of knowledge bring to any man, "if even from a ſot, a pot, a fool, a "ſtool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for "a pully, the lid of a goldſmith's cru-"cible, an oil bottle, an old ſlipper, or "a cane chair?"—I am this moment ſitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illuſtrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it?—they are faſtened on, you ſee, with two pegs ſtuck ſlightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to ſay in ſo clear a light, as to let you ſee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of ſun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here ſtands *wit*—and there ſtands

judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I'm speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*—as wit and judgment are of *ours*—and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments———*to answer one another.*

Now for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on—nay, don't laugh at it,—but did you ever see, in the whole course of your lives, such a ridiculous business as this has made of it? —Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow with one ear; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one as in the other:——do——pray, get off your seats only to take a view of it.—— Now would any man who valued his cha-

racter a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition?——nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knob, which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther aſk, in caſe the chair was your own, if you would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now theſe two knobs———or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature——being, as I ſaid, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the moſt needful——the moſt priz'd—the moſt calamitous to be without, and conſequently the hardeſt to come at—for all theſe reaſons put together, there is not a mortal among us, ſo deſtitute of a love of good fame or feeding——or ſo ignorant of what will do him good therein—

who does not wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at leaſt, maſter of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing ſeems any way feaſible, or likely to be brought to paſs.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unleſs they laid hold of the other, ——pray what do you think would become of them?——Why, Sirs, in ſpite of all their *gravities*, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their inſides naked——this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon——ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up and ſecreted under their cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not raiſed a *hue* and *cry* at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice——that the great *Locke*, who

was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds ——— was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar errors;——but this was not of the number; ſo that inſtead of ſitting down cooly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophiſed upon it—— on the contrary he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the *Magna Charta* of ſtupidity ever ſince —— but your reverences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat:——which by-the-bye is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind too freely———I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration——That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I ſee they are beſpoke and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture—for any purpoſe ——peace be with them!—☞ mark only ——I write not for them.

CHAP. XIV.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together did my father reſolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet;—no family but ours would have borne with it an hour——and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges.——And yet at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I

think, that hiſtory can produce: his rhetorick and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs. — Never did the parlour-door open—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it;——three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

——Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is!——languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him—(inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving but to ſharpen his ſenſibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo!——Are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enow, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow;—ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of *Shandy Hall*———the parlour door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XV.

WHEN Corporal *Trim* had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; and knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now next to the moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour door opened and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door ſhould do—

Or for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges——(that is, in caſe things have

all along gone well with your worſhip,—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in Corporal *Trim*'s peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle *Toby* faſt aſleep—the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon its account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepp'd in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

" *When things move upon bad hinges,*

" an' pleaſe your lordſhips, *how can it be* " *otherwiſe?*"

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.——I wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.——'Tis nothing, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid *Trim*, but two mortars I am bringing in.—They ſhan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father haſtily.—If Dr. *Slop* has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.—May it pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*, they are two mortar-pieces for a ſiege next ſummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which *Obadiah* told me your honour had left off wearing.—By Heaven! cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore ——I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I ſet ſo much ſtore by as I do by theſe jack-boots —— they were our great grandfather's, brother *Toby*—they were *hereditary*. Then I fear, quoth my uncle *Toby*, *Trim* has cut off the entail.—I have only cut off the tops,

an' pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father——but theſe jack-boots, continued he (ſmiling, though very angry at the ſame time) have been in the family, brother, ever ſince the civil wars;——Sir *Roger Shandy* wore them at the battle of *Marſton-Moor*.—I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleaſure, and putting his hand into his breeches pocket as he viewed them——I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and ſoul.——

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you diſſipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a SIEGE.——Have I not one hundred and twenty pounds a year, beſides my half pay? cried my uncle *Toby*.—What is that—replied my father haſtily—to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas for your *pontoons?*—half as much for your

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Dutch draw-bridge?—to ſay nothing of the train of little braſs artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with twenty other preparations for the ſiege of *Meſſina:* believe me, dear brother *Toby*, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand—theſe military operations of yours are above your ſtrength;—you mean well, brother——but they carry you into greater expences than you were firſt aware of;—and take my word, dear *Toby*, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.—What ſignifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, ſo long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?——

My father could not help ſmiling for his ſoul—his anger at the worſt was never more than a ſpark;—and the zeal and ſimplicity of *Trim*—and the generous (though hobby-horſical) gallantry of my uncle *Toby*, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an inſtant.

Generous ſouls!—God proſper you

both, and your mortar-pieces too! quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. XVI.

ALL is quiet and huſh, cried my father, at leaſt above ſtairs—I hear not one foot ſtirring.—Prithee, *Trim*, who's in the kitchen? There is no one ſoul in the kitchen, anſwered *Trim*, making a low bow as he ſpoke, except Dr. *Slop*.—Confuſion! cried my father (getting up upon his legs a ſecond time)—not one ſingle thing was gone right this day! had I faith in aſtrology, brother, (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have ſworn ſome retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate houſe of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.——Why, I thought Dr. *Slop* had been above ſtairs with my wife, and ſo ſaid you.——What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen!—He is buſy, an' pleaſe your honour, replied *Trim*, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my

uncle *Toby*:———pray, give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You muſt know, my uncle *Toby* miſtook the bridge—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars;——but to underſtand how my uncle *Toby* could miſtake the bridge—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it;—or to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one)——in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle *Toby* aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of *Trim*'s, though much againſt my will, I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my uncle *Toby*'s amours with widow *Wadman*, in which corporal *Trim* was no mean actor—or elſe in the middle of his and my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place;—but then if I reſerve it for ei-

ther of thoſe parts of my ſtory——I ruin the ſtory I'm upon;——and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

—Tell it, Mr. *Shandy*, by all means.—You are a fool, *Triſtram*, if you do.

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the hearing ——— that kindly ſhew him, where he is to begin it—and where he is to end it ——what he is to put into it——and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to caſt into a ſhade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light! — Ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into;——will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one

point, as they have done juſt here—— that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XVII.

THO' the ſhock my uncle *Toby* received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in his affair with widow *Wadman*, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex—or of aught which belonged to it;—yet corporal *Trim* had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf. Indeed in my uncle *Toby*'s caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances, which inſenſibly drew him in, to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.——In *Trim*'s caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and *Bridget* in the kitchen;—though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating

him in all he did, that had my uncle *Toby* employed his time and genius in tagging of points——I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleaſure. When therefore my uncle *Toby* ſat down before the miſtreſs—corporal *Trim* incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend *Garrick*, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it—that ſo many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat have ever ſince been working upon *Trim*'s and my uncle *Toby*'s pattern.——I care not what *Ariſtotle*, or *Pacuvius*, or *Boſſu*, or *Ricaboni* ſay—(though I never read one of them)——there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and madam *Pompadour*'s *vis-à-vis*; than betwixt a ſingle amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama——Sir, a

ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind—is quite loſt in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my uncle *Toby*'s quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in its proper place, my uncle *Toby*, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal *Trim*, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf——or with any one elſe——the fidelity however of his heart not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt——he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade;—that is, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met *Bridget* in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did—or would give her a

ribbon—and now-and-then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give *Bridget* a —

Preciſely in this ſituation, did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is from the demolition of *Dunkirk* in the year 13, to the latter end of my uncle *Toby*'s campaign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I'm ſpeaking of.——When *Trim*, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my uncle *Toby* to bed, going down one moonſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications——in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly—he eſpied his *Bridget*.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle *Toby* had made, *Trim* courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my father's, with

this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my uncle *Toby*'s curious draw-bridge, conſtructed and painted after the *Dutch* faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch—was broke down, and ſomehow or other cruſhed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have obſerved, had no great eſteem for my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſe, he thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed unleſs my uncle *Toby* vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without ſmiling at it——— ſo that it could never get lame or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befall'n it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him.——Well ——but dear *Toby!* my father would ſay, do tell me ſeriouſly how this affair of the bridge happened.——How can you teaze me ſo much about it? my uncle *Toby* would reply—I have told it you

twenty times, word for word as *Trim* told it me.—Prithee, how was it then, corporal? my father would cry, turning to *Trim*.—It was a mere misfortune, an' pleaſe your honour;——I was ſhewing Mrs. *Bridget* our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the foſſe, I unfortunately ſlipp'd in.——Very well, *Trim!* my father would cry——(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod——but without interrupting him)——and being link'd faſt, an' pleaſe your honour, arm in arm with Mrs. *Bridget*, I dragg'd her after me, by means of which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt the bridge——and *Trim*'s foot (my uncle *Toby* would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full againſt the bridge too.—It was a thouſand to one, my uncle *Toby* would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.——Ay truly, my father would ſay——a limb is ſoon broke, brother *Toby*, in ſuch encounters.——And ſo, an' pleaſe your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very ſlight one, was

broke down betwixt us, and ſplintered all to pieces.

At other times, but eſpecially when my uncle *Toby* was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the BATTERING-RAMS of the ancients—the VINEA which *Alexander* made uſe of at the ſiege of *Troy*.—He would tell my uncle *Toby* of the CATAPULTÆ of the *Syrians*, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation:—he would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the BALLISTA which *Marcellinus* makes ſo much rout about!—the terrible effects of the PYRABOLI, which caſt fire;——the danger of the TEREBRA and SCORPIO, which caſt javelins.——But what are theſe, would he ſay, to the deſtructive machinery of corporal *Trim*?——Believe me, brother *Toby*, no bridge, or baſtion, or ſally-port, that ever was conſtructed

in this world, can hold out againſt ſuch artillery.

My uncle *Toby* would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthifical, into a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle *Toby* leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.——The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle *Toby* did theſe little offices—cut my father thro' his reins, for the pain he had juſt been giving him.——May my brains be knock'd out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himſelf—if ever I inſult this worthy ſoul more!

CHAP. XVIII.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, *Trim* was ordered directly to ſet about another———but not upon the ſame model: for cardinal *Alberoni*'s intrigues at that time being diſcovered, and my uncle *Toby* rightly foreſeeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt *Spain* and the Empire, and that the operations of the enſuing campaign muſt in all likelihood be either in *Naples* or *Sicily*——he determined upon an *Italian* bridge—(my uncle *Toby*, by-the-bye, was not far out of his conjectures)——but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle *Toby* in the cabinet, as my uncle *Toby* took it of him in the field———convinced him, that if the king of *Spain* and the Emperor went together by the ears, *England* and *France* and *Holland* muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too;——and if ſo, he would ſay, the combatants,

brother *Toby*, as ſure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting ſtage of *Flanders*;—then what will you do with your *Italian* bridge?

—We will go on with it then upon the old model, cried my uncle *Toby*.

When corporal *Trim* had about half finiſhed it in that ſtyle —— my uncle *Toby* found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turning to one ſide of the foſſe, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it impowered my uncle *Toby* to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garriſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare — but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable; ——for by this means, he would ſay, I leave one half of my bridge in my ene-

my's poſſeſſion——and pray of what uſe is the other?

The natural remedy for this was, no doubt, to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright———but that was rejected for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again to gain a paſſage—of which ſorts your worſhip might have ſeen three famous ones at *Spires* before its deſtruction—and one now at *Briſac*, if I miſtake not;—but my father adviſing my uncle *Toby*, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges—and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortune—he changed his mind for that of the marquis *d'Hôpital*'s invention, which the younger *Bernouilli* has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as

your worſhips may ſee———*Act. Erud. Lipſ.* an. 1695—to theſe a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid——— if not a cycloid itſelf.

My uncle *Toby* underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in *England*—but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid;——he talked however about it every day——the bridge went not forwards.——We'll aſk ſomebody about it, cried my uncle *Toby* to *Trim*.

CHAP. XIX.

WHEN *Trim* came in and told my father, that Dr. *Slop* was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge—my uncle *Toby*——the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain——took it inſtantly for granted that Dr. *Slop* was making a model of the marquis *d'Hô-*

pital's bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*;—pray give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle *Toby*'s head been a *Savoyard*'s box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it——it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations of my uncle *Toby*'s imagination, than what he had; ſo, notwithſtanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph——

When *Trim*'s anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.

CHAP. XX.

——THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father——God bleſs your honour, cried *Trim*, 'tis a bridge for maſter's noſe.——In bringing him into the world with his vile inſtruments, he has cruſhed his noſe, *Su-*

Jannah ſays, as flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a falſe bridge with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of *Suſannah*'s ſtays, to raiſe it up.

——Lead me, brother *Toby*, cried my father, to my room this inſtant.

CHAP. XXI.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my life for the amuſement of the world, and my opinions for its inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.——A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.—Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right: and now is the ſtorm thicken'd and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind that ever ſympathetic breaſt was touched with.——My nerves relax as I tell it.——Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my

pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not——And this moment that I laſt dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.—— Lord! how different from the raſh jerks and hair-brain'd ſquirts thou art wont, *Triſtram*, to tranſact it with in other humours—dropping thy pen——ſpurting thy ink about thy table and thy books—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and furniture coſt thee nothing!

CHAP. XXII.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you—'tis ſo——and I am perſuaded of it, madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman "bear pain or ſorrow (and, for aught I "know, pleaſure too) beſt in a hori-"zontal poſition."

The moment my father got up into

his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for.——The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touch'd the quilt;——his left arm hung inſenſible over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone—He felt it not. A fix'd, inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.—He ſigh'd once —— heaved his breaſt often —but uttered not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head,

oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.—My uncle *Toby* ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted—conſolation ever comes too ſoon;—and after it is digeſted—it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at: my uncle *Toby* was always either on this ſide, or on that of it, and would often ſay, he believed in his heart he could as ſoon hit the longitude; for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice——he pull'd out a cambrick handkerchief——gave a low ſigh——but held his peace.

CHAP. XXIII.

——"*ALL is not gain that is got into* "*the purſe.*"—So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf,

the oddeſt way of thinking that ever man in it was bleſs'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all———that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however ſcientifically applied—would vex any man in the world, who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child, as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrendered himſelf up to.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXIV.

——I THINK it a very unreaſonable demand—cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, madam, you have but two thouſand pounds fortune, and not a ſhilling more—and you inſiſt upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.———

— "Becauſe," replied my great-grandmother, "you have little or no noſe, Sir,"—

Now before I venture to make uſe of the word *Noſe* a ſecond time—to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and

to nothing elſe——that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon *a Will o' the Wiſp*, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment ——but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for——changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in —the neglect is inexcuſable; and Heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my readers imaginations.

——Here are two ſenſes, cried *Euge-*

nius, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore finger of his right hand to the word *Crevice*, in the one hundred and ſeventy-eighth page of the firſt volume of this book of books;———here are two ſenſes—quoth he—And here are two roads, replied I, turning ſhort upon him ——a dirty and a clean one——which ſhall we take?—The clean, by all means, replied *Eugenius*. *Eugenius*, ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt——to define—is to diſtruſt. ——Thus I triumph'd over *Eugenius*; but I triumph'd over him as I always do, like a fool.——'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one: therefore

I define a noſe as follows—intreating only beforehand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into

my definition—For by the word *Noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word *Noſe* occurs—I declare, by that word I mean a noſe, and nothing more, or leſs.

CHAP. XXV.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my great grandmother, repeating the words again—"you have little or no "noſe, Sir."———

S'death! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe,—'tis not ſo ſmall as that comes to;——'tis a full inch longer than my father's.—Now, my great-grandfather's noſe was for all the world like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the iſland of ENNASIN.———By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting a-kin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people——you muſt read the book;——find it out yourſelf, you never can.——

—'Twas ſhaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

—'Tis a full inch, continued my grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb; and repeating his aſſertion——'tis a full inch longer, madam, than my father's——You muſt mean your uncle's, replied my great-grandmother.

———My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. XXVI.

——WHAT an unconſcionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of ours; quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.

—Now, you muſt know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grand-

father twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly — (on *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day,)* — during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father. ———And as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, which generous souls, and generous souls only, are able to fling down money: but as soon as ever he enter'd upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud *Hem!* rubb'd the side of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his fore finger——inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig—look'd at both sides of every guinea as he parted with it—— and seldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us.

—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For three generations at leaſt this *tenet* in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family.——— TRADITION was all along on its ſide, and INTEREST was every half-year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it; ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.—For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſuck'd this in with his mother's milk. He did his part however.——If education planted the miſtake (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in *England* could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary rea-

ſon, he would generally add, That it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom. ———He would often boaſt that the *Shandy* family rank'd very high in king *Harry* the VIIIth's time, but owed its riſe to no ſtate engine—he would ſay—but to that only;——but that, like other families, he would add——it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe.——It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, ſhaking his head —and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turn'd up trumps.

———Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader! ———where is thy fancy carrying thee? ——If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face ——and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces,

ſhould comprehend a full third——that is, meaſured downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs!

CHAP. XXVII.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has form'd the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs—"of not learning "new tricks."

What a ſhuttlecock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whiſk'd into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he

would loſe his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that *Didius*, the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confeſſo*, he will ſay—things were in a ſtate of nature—The apple, as much *Frank*'s apple as *John*'s. Pray, Mr. *Shandy*, what patent has he to ſhew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he ſet his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chew'd it? or when he roaſted it? or when he peel'd, or when he brought it home? or when he digeſted? —— or when he —— ? —— For 'tis plain, Sir, if the firſt picking up of the apple, made it not his—that no ſubſequent act could.

Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will anſwer —(now *Tribonius* the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three eighths longer than *Didius* his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, ſo I give myſelf no far-

ther trouble about the anſwer.)—Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will ſay, it is a decreed caſe, as you may find it in the fragments of *Gregorius* and *Hermogines*'s codes, and in all the codes from *Juſtinian*'s down to the codes of *Louis* and *Des Eaux*—That the ſweat of a man's brows, and the exſudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backſide;—which ſaid exſudations, *&c.* being dropp'd upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annex'd, by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roaſted, peel'd, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on;——'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mix'd up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is *John*'s apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions; he had ſpared no pains in picking them

up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.——No mortal claimed them; they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above, ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be of his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my uncle *Toby* would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this——the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes: by the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding, when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects—and how

many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my uncle *Toby*'s library—which, by-the-bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt uncle *Toby* had done thoſe upon military architecture.——'Tis true, a much leſs table would have held them—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.——

Here——but why here——rather than in any other part of my ſtory——I am not able to tell:——but here it is ——my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.——Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pour-

ing forth the warmeſt ſentiment of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom. ——Peace and comfort reſt for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedſt no man's comforts —— inſultedſt no man's opinions——Thou blackenedſt no man's character — devouredſt no man's bread: gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didſt thou amble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in thy way: — for each one's ſorrows, thou hadſt a tear,—for each man's need, thou hadſt a ſhilling.

Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a weeder—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green ſhall never be grown up.—— Whilſt there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, ſhall never be demoliſh'd.

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY father's collection was not great, but to make amends, it was curious; and conſequently he was ſome time in making it; he had the great good fortune however, to ſet off well, in getting *Bruſcambille*'s prologue upon long noſes, almoſt for nothing—for he gave no more for *Bruſcambille* than three half-crowns; owing indeed to the ſtrong fancy which the ſtall-man ſaw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.——There are not three *Bruſcambilles* in *Chriſtendom*—ſaid the ſtall-man, except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning——took *Bruſcambille* into his boſom——hied home from *Piccadilly* to *Coleman*-ſtreet with it, as he would have hied home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from *Bruſcambille* all the way.

To thoſe who do not yet know of

which gender *Bruſcambille* is———inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either———'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, That when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with *Bruſcambille* after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs———that is, from morning even unto night: which, by-the-bye, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the inamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.———Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge—he cool'd—his affections became divided——he got hold of *Prignitz*—purchaſed *Scroderus*, *Andrea Paræus*, *Bouchet*'s Evening Conferences, and above all, the great and learned *Hafen Slawkenbergius*; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by-and-by—I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP. XXIX.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between *Pamphagus* and *Cocles*, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable *Eraſmus*, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes.———Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on—let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, *to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it — and to kick it, with long kicks and ſhort kicks,* till, like *Tickletoby*'s mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt.—You need not kill him.—

—And pray who was *Tickletoby*'s mare?—'tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year *(ab. urb. con.)* the ſecond Punic war broke out.—Who was *Tickletoby*'s mare!——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read—or by the knowledge of the great ſaint *Paraleipomenon*—I tell you before-hand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all its ſagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

CHAP. XXX.

"*NIHIL me pœnitet hujus naſi,*" quoth *Pamphagus*;—— that is — "My noſe has been the making of me." ——— "*Nec eſt cur pœniteat,*" replies *Cocles*; that is, "How the duce ſhould ſuch a noſe fail?"

The doctrine, you ſee, was laid down by *Eraſmus*, as my father wiſhed it, with the utmoſt plainneſs; but my father's diſappointment was, in finding nothing more from ſo able a pen, but the bare fact itſelf; without any of that ſpeculative ſubtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had beſtow'd upon man on purpoſe to inveſtigate truth, and fight for her on all ſides.——My father piſh'd and pugh'd at firſt moſt terrribly ——— 'tis worth ſomething to have a good name. As the dialogue was of *Eraſmus*, my father ſoon came to himſelf, and read it over and over again with great application, ſtudying every word and every ſyllable

of it thro' and thro' in its moſt ſtrict and literal interpretation—he could ſtill make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap there is more meant, than is ſaid in it, quoth my father.——Learned men, brother *Toby*, don't write dialogues upon long noſes for nothing.———I'll ſtudy the myſtick and the allegorick ſenſe——here is ſome room to turn a man's ſelf in, brother.

My father read on.———

Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worſhips, that beſides the many nautical uſes of long noſes enumerated by *Eraſmus*, the dialogiſt affirmeth that a long noſe is not without its domeſtic conveniencies alſo; for that in a caſe of diſtreſs—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum* (to ſtir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond meaſure, and had ſown the ſeeds of verbal criticiſm as deep within him, as ſhe had done the ſeeds of all other knowledge———ſo that he had got out his penknife, and was trying ex-

periments upon the ſentence, to ſee if he could not ſcratch ſome better ſenſe into it.——I've got within a ſingle letter, brother *Toby*, cried my father, of *Eraſmus* his myſtic meaning.—You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conſcience.———Pſhaw! cried my father, ſcratching on——I might as well be ſeven miles off.—I've done it—ſaid my father, ſnapping his fingers—See, my dear brother *Toby*, how I have mended the ſenſe.——But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle *Toby*.——My father put on his ſpectacles——bit his lip ———and tore out the leaf in a paſſion.

CHAP. XXXI.

O *Slawkenbergius!* thou faithful analyzer of my *Diſgrazias*—thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of.—Tell me, *Slawkenbergius!* what ſecret impulſe was

it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears? ——art thou ſure thou heard'ſt it?——which firſt cried out to thee———go———go, *Slawkenbergius!* dedicate the labours of thy life——neglect thy paſtimes———call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature——macerate thyſelf in the ſervice of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the ſubject of their noſes.

How the communication was conveyed into *Slawkenbergius*'s ſenſorium——ſo that *Slawkenbergius* ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key—and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows——as *Hafen Slawkenbergius* has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years———we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of *Whitefield*'s diſciples——that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *maſters* it was that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*———as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

——For in the account which *Hafen Slawkenbergius* gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prolegomena, which by-the-bye ſhould have come firſt——but the bookbinder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book, and the book itſelf—he informs his reader, that ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man, and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being;——or—to ſhorten my tranſlation, for *Slawkenbergius*'s book is in *Latin*, and not a little prolix in this paſſage—ever ſince I underſtood, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, any thing——or rather *what was what* ——and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before;——have I, *Slawkenbergius*, felt a ſtrong impulſe, with a mighty and unreſiſtible call within

me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.

And to do juſtice to *Slawkenbergius*, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it than aay one man who had ever entered it before him——and indeed, in many reſpects, deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by ——for he has taken in, Sir, the whole ſubject—examined every part of it *dialectically*———then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike—or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had impowered him to caſt upon it—collating, collecting, and compiling——— begging, borrowing, and ſtealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned: ſo that *Slawkenbergius* his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model—but as a

thorough-ſtitched DIGEST and regular inſtitute of *noſes*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either, plump upon noſes—— or collaterally touching them;——ſuch for inſtance as *Prignitz*, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houſes in *Sileſia*, which he had rummaged——has informed us, that the menſuration and configuration of the oſſeous or bony parts of human noſes, in any *given* tract of country, except *Crim Tartary*, where they are all cruſh'd down by the thumb, ſo that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;—the difference amongſt them being, he ſays, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;——but that the

ſize and jollity of every individual noſe, and by which one noſe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muſcular parts of it, into whoſe ducts and ſinuſes the blood and animal ſpirits being impell'd and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ſtep from it (bating the caſe of idiots, whom *Prignitz*, who had lived many years in *Turky*, ſuppoſes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it ſo happens, and ever muſt, ſays *Prignitz*, that the excellency of the noſe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the ſame reaſon, that is, becauſe 'tis all comprehended in *Slawkenbergius*, that I ſay nothing likewiſe of *Scroderus (Andrea)* who, all the world knows, ſet himſelf to oppugn *Prignitz* with great violence—proving it in his own way, firſt *logically*, and then by a ſeries of ſtubborn facts, "That ſo far was *Prignitz* from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the noſe, that

on the contrary—the noſe begat the fancy."

—The learned ſuſpected *Scroderus* of an indecent ſophiſm in this—and *Prignitz* cried out aloud in the diſpute, that *Scroderus* had ſhifted the idea upon him ——but *Scroderus* went on, maintaining his theſis.

My father was juſt balancing within himſelf, which of the two ſides he ſhould take in this affair; when *Ambroſe Paræus* decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the ſyſtems, both of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, drove my father out of both ſides of the controverſy at once.

Be witneſs———

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in ſaying it, I mention it only to ſhew the learned, I know the fact myſelf———

That this *Ambroſe Paræus* was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to *Francis* the ninth of *France*, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or ſucceeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the ſlip he made in his ſtory of *Taliacotius*'s noſes, and his man-

ner of ſetting them on—he was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noſes, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now *Ambroſe Paræus* convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which *Prignitz* and *Scroderus* had waſted ſo much learning and fine parts——was neither this nor that——but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt——as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of *puiſne* noſes was to the firmneſs and elaſtic repulſion of the ſame organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubb'd, ſo rebuff'd, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*;——but that in caſe of the flaccidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt—by ſinking into it,

quoth *Paræus*, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſh'd, plump'd up, refreſh'd, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of *Paræus*; firſt, That he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion:—for which may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, that beſides the ſyſtems of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, which *Ambroſe Paræus* his hypotheſis effectually overthrew—it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewiſe the whole houſe and every thing in it, except my uncle *Toby*, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute between a man and his wife, never ſurely in any age or country got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

My mother, you muſt know——— but I have fifty things more neceſſary to

let you know firſt——I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtick miſadventures crowding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another. A cow broke in (tomorrow morning) to my uncle *Toby*'s fortifications, and eat up two rations and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.——*Trim* inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be ſhot—*Slop* to be *crucifix'd*—myſelf to be *triſtram'd* and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of;——poor unhappy devils that we all are!——I want ſwaddling——but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations——I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already.——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in——this certainly is the greateſt, for I have *Hafen Slawkenbergius*'s folio, Sir, to finiſh

——a dialogue between my father and my uncle *Toby*, upon the ſolution of *Prignitz*, *Scroderus*, *Ambroſe Paræus*, *Panocrates*, and *Grangouſier* to relate—a tale out of *Slawkenbergius* to tranſlate, and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all;———ſuch a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it!

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family—and to do it juſtice in this point;———and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn——that I believe in my ſoul (unleſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things never made or put a family together (in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)

——where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre of ours——than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes ——eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would ſerve him but to heat my uncle *Toby*'s too.

My uncle *Toby* would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle *Toby*'s reaſon——or contrary to it

———or that his brain was like *damp* timber, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold——or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtins, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s doctrines ——I ſay not—let ſchoolmen—ſcullions, anatomiſts, and engineers, fight for it among themſelves——

'Twas ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my uncle *Toby*, and render out of *Slawkenbergius*'s *Latin*, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt——and generally leaſt ſo where 'twas moſt wanted.—This naturally open'd a door to a ſecond misfortune;——that in the warmer paroxyſms of his zeal to open my uncle *Toby*'s eyes———my father's ideas ran on as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my uncle *Toby*'s———neither the one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE gift of ratiocination and making ſyllogiſms——I mean in man —for in ſuperior claſſes of being, ſuch as angels and ſpirits——'tis all done, may it pleaſe your worſhips, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your worſhips all know——ſyllogize by their noſes: though there is an iſland ſwimming in the ſea (though not altogether at its eaſe) whoſe inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are ſo wonderfully gifted, as to ſyllogize after the ſame faſhion, and oft-times to make very well out too:———but that's neither here nor there———

The gift of doing it as it ſhould be, amongſt us, or—the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or diſagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus)*; juſt as a man, as *Locke* well obſerves, by a yard,

finds two mens nine-pin-alleys to be of the ſame length, which could not be brought together, to meaſure their equality, by *juxta-poſition.*

Had the ſame great reaſoner looked on, as my father illuſtrated his ſyſtems of noſes, and obſerved my uncle *Toby*'s deportment — what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful ſerioufneſs he contemplated the length of it —— ſurveying it tranſverſely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb ——— then foreright ——— then this way, and then that, in all its poſſible directions and foreſhortenings ——— he would have concluded my uncle *Toby* had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was ſyllogizing and meaſuring with it the truth of each hypotheſis of long noſes, in order, as my father laid them before him. This, by-the-bye, was more than my father wanted ——his aim in all the pains he was at in theſe philoſophick lectures—was to enable my uncle *Toby* not to *diſcuſs*——but

comprehend —— to *hold* the grains and ſcruples of learning —— not to *weigh* them.——My uncle *Toby*, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XXXIV.

'TIS a pity, cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful tranſlation of *Slawkenbergius* —— 'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's threadpaper into the book for a mark, as he ſpoke——that truth, brother *Toby*, ſhould ſhut herſelf up in ſuch impregnable faſtneſſes, and be ſo obſtinate as not to ſurrender herſelf ſometimes up upon the cloſeſt ſiege.———

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of *Prignitz* to him——— having nothing to ſtay it there, had taken a ſhort flight to the bowling-green; ———his body might as well have taken a turn there too—ſo that with all

the ſemblance of a deep ſchool-man intent upon the *medius terminus*———my uncle *Toby* was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pros and cons, as if my father had been tranſlating *Hafen Slawkenbergius* from the *Latin* tongue into the *Cherokee*. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he open'd his ears——and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit —my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again——changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege of it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, ſaid my father, that truth can only be on one ſide, brother *Toby* ———conſidering what ingenuity theſe learned men have all ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes.——Can noſes be diſſolved? replied my uncle *Toby*.

———My father thruſt back his chair

——rose up—put on his hat——took four long strides to the door——jerked it open——thrust his head half way out —— shut the door again —— took no notice of the bad hinge——returned to the table—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of *Slawkenbergius*'s book——went hastily to his bureau—walked slowly back—twisted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb —unbutton'd his waistcoat—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire—— bit her sattin pin-cushion in two, fill'd his mouth with bran—confounded it;—but mark!—the oath of confusion was levell'd at my uncle *Toby*'s brain—which was e'en confused enough already—— the curse came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it please your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations

of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gunpowder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my uncle *Toby*'s queſtions.——Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds———or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horſical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle *Toby*——— he ſmoked his pipe on with unvaried compoſure——his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay——he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.——He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

By all that's good! ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of *Ernulphus*'s digeſt

of curſes——(though to do my father juſtice it was a fault (as he told Dr. *Slop* in the affair of *Ernulphus*) which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth) ——By all that's good and great! brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, if it was not for the aids of philoſophy, which befriend one ſo much as they do—you would put a man beſide all temper.—— Why, by the *ſolutions* of noſes, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the cauſes of ſhort and long noſes.——There is no cauſe but one, replied my uncle *Toby*——why one man's noſe is longer than another's, but becauſe that God pleaſes to have it ſo.——That is *Grangouſier*'s ſolution, ſaid my father. —'Tis he, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in ſuch forms and proportions, and for ſuch ends,

as is agreeable to his infinite wiſdom. ——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philoſophical——there is more religion in it than ſound ſcience. 'Twas no inconſiſtent part of my uncle *Toby*'s character——that he feared God, and reverenced religion.——So the moment my father finiſhed his remark ——my uncle *Toby* fell a whiſtling *Lillabullero* with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.—

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP. XXXV.

NO matter — as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother — of none to my father, as a mark in *Slawkenbergius*. *Slawkenbergius* in every page of him was a rich treaſure of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father — he could not open him amiſs; and he would often ſay in cloſing the book, that if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with

the books which treated of them, were loſt—ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ſtateſmen had wrote or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong or the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo—and *Slawkenbergius* only left——there would be enough in him in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure therefore was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe — at *matin*, noon, and veſpers was *Hafen Slawkenbergius* his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands——you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to *Slawkenbergius* as my father;——there is a fund in him, no doubt: but in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the

moſt amuſing part of *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, is his tales———and, conſidering he was a *German*, many of them told not without fancy:———theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales ———Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in *Slawkenbergius* to ſend them into the world by that name!——there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative — but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſomehow or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands——if you give me leave, madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA.*

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, *peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore incidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis induſiis, binis calceis, bracciſque ſericis coccineis repleta,* Argentoratum *ingreſſus eſt.*

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, ſe apud Naſorum promontorium fuiſſe, Francofurtum proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit—— Dî boni, nova forma naſi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pepen-

* As *Hafen Slawkenbergius de Naſis* is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

IT was one cool refreſhing evening, at the cloſe of a very ſultry day, in the latter end of the month of *Auguſt*, when a ſtranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag behind him, containing a few ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and a crimſon-ſattin pair of breeches, entered the town of *Straſburg*.

He told the centinel, who queſtioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of NOSES—was going on to *Frankfort*——and ſhould be back again at *Straſburg* that day month, in his way to the borders of *Crim Tartary*.

The centinel looked up into the ſtranger's face——he never ſaw ſuch a Noſe in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the ſtranger—ſo ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of a black ribbon, to

dit acinaces: Loculo manum inſeruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et proceſſit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidiſſe: itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, *habilem inveniet.* ——— *Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens* ——— *ſeque comiter inclinans — hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim.*

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, e pergamenâ factitius eſt.

Prout chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus

which a ſhort ſcymetar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courteſy touching the fore part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right——he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and paſſed on.

It grieves me, ſaid the centinel, ſpeaking to a little dwarfiſh bandy-legg'd drummer, that ſo courteous a ſoul ſhould have loſt his ſcabbard———he cannot travel without one to his ſcymetar, and will not be able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all *Straſburg*. —— I never had one, replied the ſtranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he ſpoke——I carry it, continued he, thus——holding up his naked ſcymetar, his mule moving on ſlowly all the time—on purpoſe to defend my noſe.

It is well worth it, gentle ſtranger, replied the centinel.

——'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver, ſaid the bandy-legg'd drummer——'tis a noſe of parchment.

As I am a true catholic—except that

ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore suâ qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

it is ſix times as big—'tis a noſe, ſaid the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, ſaid the drummer.

By dunder, ſaid the centinel, I ſaw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this diſpute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the ſame point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were juſt then coming up, and had ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

Benedicity!———What a noſe! 'tis as long, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the ſame metal, ſaid the trumpeter, as you hear by its ſneezing.

'Tis as ſoft as a flute, ſaid ſhe.

—'Tis braſs, ſaid the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, ſaid his wife.

I tell thee again, ſaid the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen noſe.

I'll know the bottom of it, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I ſleep.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille reſpiciens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. Minimè gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus — Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

Peregrinus illi non reſpondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis ſancto Nicolao; quo facto, ſinum dextrum inſerens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu proceſſit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diverſorium templo ex adverſum ducit.

The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every word of the diſpute, not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and trumpeter's wife.

No! ſaid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt, the one over the other in a ſaint-like poſition (his mule going on eaſily all the time) No! ſaid he, looking up—I am not ſuch a debtor to the world —— ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been — as to give it that conviction——no! ſaid he, my noſe ſhall never be touched whilſt Heaven gives me ſtrength——To do what? ſaid a burgomaſter's wife.

The ſtranger took no notice of the burgomaſter's wife———he was making a vow to *Saint Nicolas*; which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left-hand, and putting his right hand into his boſom, with his ſcymetar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he rode on,

Peregrinus mulo deſcendens ſtabulo includi, et manticam inferri juſſit: quâ apertâ et coccineis ſericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζωματε, *his ſeſe induit, ſtatimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.*

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt —exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit mulumque educi juſſit.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, thro' the principal ſtreets of *Straſburg*, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place over-againſt the church.

The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimſon-ſattin breeches, with a ſilver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſcymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn—undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon-ſattin breeches, *&c.* in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, ſaid the ſtranger, for *Frankfort* —— and ſhall be back at *Straſburg* this day month.

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

Longa via eſt! reſpondet hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Naſorum promontorio redii, et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi?

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de ſeipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur—— Per ſanctos ſanctaſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major eſt!—eſtne, ait illa mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

I hope, continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful ſlave of mine—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above ſix hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the maſter of the inn——unleſs a man has great buſineſs.——Tut! tut! ſaid the ſtranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the goodlieſt, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a ſingle man's lot.

Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account of himſelf, the maſter of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe—— By ſaint *Radagunda*, ſaid the inn-keeper's wife to herſelf, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largeſt noſes put together in all *Straſburg!* is it not, ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in his ear, is it not a noble noſe?

Dolus ineſt, anime mî, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor——

Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.

Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

Vivus eſt ait illa,—et ſi ipſa vivam tangam.

Votum feci ſancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intactum fore uſque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

Minimo tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam ——Quam horam? ait illa——Nullam, reſpondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obſecro? ait illa—— Peregrinus nil reſpondens mulo conſcenſo diſceſſit.

'Tis an impoſture, my dear, ſaid the maſter of the inn——'tis a falſe noſe.

'Tis a true noſe, ſaid his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, ſaid he, I ſmell the turpentine.———

There's a pimple on it, ſaid ſhe.

'Tis a dead noſe, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live noſe, and if I am alive myſelf, ſaid the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to ſaint *Nicolas* this day, ſaid the ſtranger, that my noſe ſhall not be touched till—Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his voice, looked up.——— Till when? ſaid ſhe haſtily.

It never ſhall be touched, ſaid he, claſping his hands and bringing them cloſe to his breaſt, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.—Never!—never! ſaid the ſtranger, never till I am got—For Heaven's ſake, into what place? ſaid ſhe———The ſtranger rode away without ſaying a word.

The ſtranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort* before all the city of *Straſburg* was in an uproar about his noſe. The *Compline* bells were juſt ringing to call the *Straſburgers* to their devotions, and ſhut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no ſoul in all *Straſburg* heard 'em—the city was like a ſwarm of bees———men, women, and children (the *Compline* bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another——this way and that way—long ways and croſs ways—up one ſtreet, down another ſtreet——in at this alley, out of that ——did you ſee it? did you ſee it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?———who ſaw it? who did ſee it? for mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

Alack o'day! I was at veſpers!—I was waſhing, I was ſtarching, I was ſcouring, I was quilting——God help me! I never ſaw it——I never touch'd it!———would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and

lamentation in every ſtreet and corner of *Straſburg*.

Whilſt all this confuſion and diſorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Straſburg*, was the courteous ſtranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had no concern at all in the affair———talking all the way he rode in broken ſentences, ſometimes to his mule—ſometimes to himſelf—ſometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot ſtop to let thee bite that thiſtle——that ever the ſuſpected tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of taſting it.——

——Pugh!—'tis nothing but a 'thiſtle—never mind it——thou ſhalt have a better ſupper at night.

——Baniſh'd from my country——my friends——from thee.——

Poor devil, thou'rt ſadly tired with thy journey!——come—get on a little faſter—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two ſhirts——a crimſon-ſattin pair

of breeches, and a fringed—— Dear Julia!

——But why to *Frankfort?*—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which ſecretly is conducting me through theſe meanders and unſuſpected tracts?

—— Stumbling! by ſaint *Nicolas!* every ſtep—why at this rate we ſhall be all night in getting in———

——To happineſs——or am I to be the ſport of fortune and ſlander—deſtined to be driven forth unconvicted—— unheard —— untouch'd——if ſo, why did I not ſtay at *Straſburg*, where juſtice —but I had ſworn! Come, thou ſhalt drink—to *St. Nicolas*—O Julia!——— What doſt thou prick up thy ears at? ——'tis nothing but a man, *&c.*

The ſtranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn, where, as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted———ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, taken good care of——took off his cloak-bag, with his crimſon-ſattin breeches, *&c.* in it—called for an omelet to his ſupper, went

to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in *Strasburg* being abated for that night, — the *Strasburgers* had all got quietly into their beds — but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; queen *Mab*, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of slitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in *Strasburg* to hold them. The abbess of *Quedlingberg*, who with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior canoness, had that week come to *Strasburg* to consult the university upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes———was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignita-

ries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night thro' for it —— there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them —— in ſhort, they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of ſaint *Francis*——the nuns of mount *Calvary*——the *Præmonſtratenſes*——the *Clunienſes* *——the *Carthuſians*, and all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*—by tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long —— the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and maul'd themſelves all to death——they got out of their beds almoſt flay'd alive—every body thought ſaint *Antony* had viſited them for probation with his fire —— they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long from veſpers to matins.

* *Haſen Slawkenbergius* means the Benedictine nuns of *Cluny*, founded in the year 940, by *Odo*, abbé de *Cluny*.

The nuns of ſaint *Urſula* acted the wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Straſburg*, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of butter'd buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of ſaint *Urſula*'s example.———

In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfaſt in all *Straſburg*—the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion——ſuch a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in *Straſburg*, ſince *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city upſide down.

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting himſelf thus into the diſhes *

* Mr. *Shandy*'s compliments to orators——is very ſenſible that *Slawkenbergius* has here changed his metaphor———which he is very guilty of:——that

of religious orders, *&c.* what a carnival did his noſe make of it, in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe; tho' I acknowledge, *(cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him)* that there is many a good ſimile now ſubſiſting in the world which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life——tho' I own to them the ſimile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the *Straſburgers* fantaſies was ſo general — ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the *Straſburgers* minds — ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with

as a tranſlator, Mr. *Shandy* has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here 'twas impoſſible.

equal eloquence in all places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it—every ſoul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned——doctor and ſtudent——miſtreſs and maid——gentle and ſimple ——nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh, in *Straſburg* ſpent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in *Straſburg* languiſhed to ſee it——every finger——every thumb in *Straſburg* burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought neceſſary to add, to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcription of the ſtranger's noſe—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Straſburg* till that day

month; and ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty—the fineſt-made man—the moſt genteel!— the moſt generous of his purſe—the moſt courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of *Straſburg*—that as he rode, with ſcymetar ſlung looſely to his wriſt, thro' the ſtreets —and walked with his crimſon-ſattin breeches acroſs the parade —'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal——as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited, to juſtify the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of *Straſburg* with her huſband's trumpet in her hand, ——the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her, for the illuſ-

tration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The centinel and bandy-legg'd drummer! —— nothing on this ſide of old *Athens* could equal them! they read their lectures under the city-gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a *Chryſippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticos.

The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his left-hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtile—under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard—his wife, hers more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhal'd them—— in a word, each *Straſburger* came crouding for intelligence——and every *Straſburger* had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, *&c.* that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*'s private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade,

——ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of *Straſburg* for her auditory——But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries *Slawkenbergius)* has a *trumpet* for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, thro' theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court ——were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction——they concerned themſelves not with facts——they reaſoned——

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the Faculty —had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls——the ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated however very ſa-

tisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in Utera*, without destroying the statical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.———

——The opponents granted the theory——they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, *&c.* said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world (bating the case of Wens) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in

nature, why a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs——For the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification—it could poſſibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time———that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man——they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man,

or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies, cried the opponents—elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?

He dies of a plethora, ſaid they—or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption.———

——It happens otherwiſe—replied the opponents.——

It ought not, ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the Faculty itſelf.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not

be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits —that nature, though ſhe ſported—— ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of the literati;———they began and ended with the word Noſe; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood — and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to ſupply the phænomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he.)——Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood——

I deny the definition——Death is the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, ſaid his antagoniſt——Then we don't

agree about our weapons, ſaid the logician —Then there is an end of the diſpute, replied the antagoniſt.

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree——than a diſpute.

Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety ——and if falſe—to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and tokens, was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, ſince the ſtranger *ex mero motu* had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, *&c. &c.*———To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and

the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the biſhop of *Straſburg* undertook the advocates, explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegorick expreſſion, importing no more than that nature had given him a long noſe: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities*, which had decided the point inconteſtably, had it not appeared that a diſpute about

* Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ——Vid. Parce Barne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. quâ etiam in re conſpir. Om de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his conſ. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv. fid coll. per Von Jacobum Koinſhoven Folio Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, teſt. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

ſome franchiſes of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened——I muſt not ſay unluckily for Truth, becauſe they were giving her a lift another way in ſo doing; that the two univerſities of *Straſburg*—— the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538 by *Jacobus Surmis*, counſellor of the ſenate, —— and the *Popiſh*, founded by *Leopold*, arch-duke of *Auſtria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except juſt what the affair of the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*'s placket-holes required)——in determining the point of *Martin Luther*'s damnation.

The *Popiſh* doctors had undertaken to demonſtrate *à priori*, that from the neceſſary influence of the planets on the twenty-ſecond day of *October* 1483——— when the moon was in the twelfth houſe, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus* in the third, the *Sun*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury*, all got together in the fourth—that he muſt in courſe, and unavoidably, be a damn'd

man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio * (in reading this my father would always shake his head) in the ninth house, which the *Arabians* allotted to religion — it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one stiver about the matter———and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of *Mars* —they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming——with the blast of which his soul (being steep'd in guilt) sailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran*

* Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nona cœli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* sacrilegum hereticum, Christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima sceleratissima ad infernos navigavit — ab Alecto, Tisiphone & Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

—— Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

doctors to this, was, that it muſt certainly be the ſoul of another man, born *Oct.* 22, 83, which was forced to fail down before the wind in that manner—inaſmuch as it appeared from the regiſter of *Iſlaben* in the county of *Mansfelt*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of *October*, but on the 10th of *November*, the eve of *Martinmas* day, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[——I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg* ——It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this paſſage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby*, but with triumph————not over my uncle *Toby*, for he never oppoſed him in it——but over the whole world.

— Now you ſee, brother *Toby*, he would ſay, looking up, " that chriſtian " names are not ſuch indifferent things;" ———had *Luther* here been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would

have been damn'd to all eternity——— Not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good name——far from it——'tis ſomething better than a neutral, and but a little——yet little as it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to him.

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis, as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him——yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius*'s Decades full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight———it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together——his NAMES and his NOSES. ——I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the *Alexandrian* Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

The two univerſities of *Straſburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther*'s navigation. The Proteſtant doctors had demonſtrated, that he had not ſailed right before the wind, as the Popiſh doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no ſailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to ſettle, in caſe he had ſailed, how many points he was off; whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it in ſpite of the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about ——it was their buſineſs to follow.

The abbeſs of *Quedlingberg* and her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe running full as much in their fancies as their caſe of conſcience——the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the

printers were ordered to diſtribute their types——all controverſies dropp'd.

'Twas a ſquare cap with a ſilver taſſel upon the crown of it—to a nut-ſhell—to have gueſſed on which ſide of the noſe the two univerſities would ſplit.

'Tis above reaſon, cried the doctors on one ſide.

'Tis below reaſon, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddle-ſtick, ſaid the other.

'Tis poſſible, cried the one.

'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Noſarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinoſarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, ſaid the Noſarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a ſow's ear, replied the Antinoſarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popiſh doctors.——'Tis falſe, ſaid their other opponents.——

Infinite power is infinite power, ſaid the doctors who maintained the *reality* of the noſe.—It extends only to all poſſible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the Popiſh doctors, he can make a noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the ſteeple of *Straſburg*.

Now the ſteeple of *Straſburg* being the biggeſt and the talleſt church-ſteeple to be ſeen in the whole world, the Anti-noſarians denied that a noſe of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at leaſt by a middle-ſiz'd man——The Popiſh doctors ſwore it could—The *Lutheran* doctors ſaid No;—it could not.

This at once ſtarted a new diſpute, which they purſued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God — That controverſy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

The ſtranger's noſe was no more heard of in the diſpute—it juſt ſerved as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of

ſchool-divinity —— and then they all ſailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controverſy about the attributes, *&c.* inſtead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the *Straſburgers* imaginations to a moſt inordinate degree—— The leſs they underſtood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied——ſaw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Braſſarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one ſide—the Popiſh doctors on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in queſt of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of ſight.

—— The poor *Straſburgers* left upon the beach!

—— What was to be done? — No delay — the uproar increaſed —— every one in diſorder —— the city gates ſet open.——

Unfortunate *Straſburgers!* was there in the ſtore-houſe of nature———was there

in the lumber-rooms of learning——— was there in the great arſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curioſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts? ——I dip not my pen into my ink to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves—'tis to write your panegyrick. Shew me a city ſo macerated with expectation——who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature for ſeven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to *Straſburg*.

Seven thouſand coaches (*Slawkenbergius* muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numeral characters) 7000 coaches——15000 ſingle-horſe chairs—20000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndicks — beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all

in their coaches—The abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of *Straſburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left-hand—the reſt following higglety-pigglety as they could; ſome on horſeback——ſome on foot——ſome led——ſome driven——ſome down the *Rhine*——ſome this way——ſome that——all ſet out at ſun-riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale——I ſay *Cataſtrophe* (cries *Slawkenbergius*) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Cataſtrophe* and *Peripeitia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it——it has its *Protaſis*, *Epitaſis*, *Cataſtaſis*, its *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Ariſtotle* firſt planted them—— without which a tale had better never be told at all, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I *Slawkenbergius* tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

——From his firſt parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Straſburg*, after pulling off his crimſon-ſattin pair of breeches, is the *Protaſis* or firſt entrance——where the characters of the *Perſonæ Dramatis* are juſt touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly begun.

The *Epitaſis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its ſtate or height called the *Cataſtaſis*, and which uſually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that buſy period of my tale, betwixt the firſt night's uproar about the noſe, to the concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the firſt embarking of the learned in the diſpute —to the doctors finally ſailing away, and leaving the *Straſburgers* upon the beach in diſtreſs, is the *Cataſtaſis* or the ripen-

ing of the incidents and paſſions for their burſting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the ſetting out of the *Straſburgers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as *Ariſtotle* calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and quietneſs.

This, ſays *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, conſtitutes the *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the ſtranger behind the curtain aſleep——he enters now upon the ſtage.

—What doſt thou prick up thy ears at? —'tis nothing but a man upon a horſe——was the laſt word the ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his maſter's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

The traveller was haſtening with all diligence to get to *Straſburg* that night. What a fool am I, ſaid the traveller

to himſelf, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into *Straſburg* this night.—*Straſburg !*——the great *Straſburg !*——*Straſburg*, the capital of all *Alſatia ! Straſburg*, an imperial city ! *Straſburg*, a ſovereign ſtate ! *Straſburg*, garriſoned with five thouſand of the beſt troops in all the world !—Alas ! if I was at the gates of *Straſburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat — nay a ducat and half—'tis too much——better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed——than lie I know not where——or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned his horſe's head about, and three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

———We have bacon in the houſe, ſaid the hoſt, and bread———and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it——but a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing.———

Alas! ſaid the traveller, harraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.——— I have one as ſoft as is in *Alſatia*, ſaid the hoſt.

——The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his noſe.———He has got a defluxion, ſaid the traveller. ——Not that I know, cried the hoſt. —— But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, ſaid he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his noſe in.———Why ſo? cried the traveller, ſtarting back.—It is ſo long a noſe, replied the hoſt.——The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee —had juſt got his hand laid upon his breaſt———Trifle not with my anxiety, ſaid he, riſing up again.——'Tis no trifle, ſaid *Jacinta*, 'tis the moſt glorious noſe!——The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breaſt —then, ſaid he, looking up to heaven, thou haſt conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'Tis *Diego*.

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, ſo often invoked that night by the ſtranger as he rode from *Straſburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in queſt of him. He had accompanied his ſiſter from *Valadolid* acroſs the *Pyrenean* mountains through *France*, and had many an entangled ſkein to wind off in purſuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

——*Julia* had ſunk under it——— and had not been able to go a ſtep farther than to *Lyons*, where, with the many diſquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of——but few feel—ſhe ſicken'd, but had juſt ſtrength to write a letter to *Diego*; and having conjured her brother never to ſee her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, *Julia* took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)——tho' the camp-bed was as ſoft as any one in *Alſace*, yet he could not ſhut his eyes in it.——As ſoon as it was day he roſe, and hearing *Diego* was riſen

too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his ſiſter's commiſſion.

The letter was as follows:

" Seig. DIEGO,

" Whether my ſuſpicions of your noſe " were juſtly excited or not ———'tis " not now to inquire—it is enough I " have not had firmneſs to put them to " farther tryal.

" How could I know ſo little of my- " ſelf, when I ſent my *Duenna* to forbid " your coming more under my lattice? " or how could I know ſo little of you, " *Diego*, as to imagine you would not " have ſtaid one day in *Valadolid* to have " given eaſe to my doubts?—Was I to " be abandoned, *Diego*, becauſe I was " deceived? or was it kind to take me " at my word, whether my ſuſpicions " were juſt or no, and leave me, as you " did, a prey to much uncertainty and " ſorrow?

" In what manner *Julia* has reſented " this——my brother, when he puts this " letter into your hands, will tell you;

" He will tell you in how few moments
" ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage ſhe
" had ſent you——in what frantic haſte
" ſhe flew to her lattice, and how many
" days and nights together ſhe leaned
" immoveably upon her elbow, looking
" through it towards the way which
" *Diego* was wont to come.

" He will tell you, when ſhe heard of
" your departure — how her ſpirits de-
" ſerted her——how her heart ſicken'd
" —— how piteouſly ſhe mourned——
" how low ſhe hung her head. O *Diego!*
" how many weary ſteps has my bro-
" ther's pity led me by the hand lan-
" guiſhing to trace out yours; how far
" has deſire carried me beyond ſtrength
" ——and how oft have I fainted by the
" way, and ſunk into his arms, with only
" power to cry out—O my *Diego!*

" If the gentleneſs of your carriage
" has not belied your heart, you will
" fly to me, almoſt as faſt as you fled
" from me—haſte as you will——you
" will arrive but to ſee me expire.———

" 'Tis a bitter draught, *Diego*, but " oh! 'tis embitter'd ſtill more by dy- " ing *un*————— "

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter————he ordered his mule forthwith and *Fernandez*'s horſe to be ſaddled; and as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts——chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window——*Diego* availed himſelf of it, and whilſt the hoſtler was getting ready his mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows.

O D E.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unleſs my Julia *ſtrikes the key,*
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whoſe dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with ſympathe-
tick ſway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural —— for they were nothing at all to the purpoſe, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, and tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. *Diego* was ſlow in compoſing verſes—or the hoſtler quick in ſaddling mules —— is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego*'s mule and *Fernandez*'s horſe were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his ſecond ſtanza; ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, they both mounted, ſallied

forth, paſſed the *Rhine*, traverſed *Alſace*, ſhaped their courſe towards *Lyons*, and before the *Straſburgers* and the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg* had ſet out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia*, croſſed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got ſafe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis needleſs to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not poſſible to meet the courteous ſtranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to ſay, that of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being the ſtrongeſt —— the *Straſburgers* felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were toſſed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſſion, before they could ſubmit to return home. —— When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all other, the moſt grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the *Straſburgers* affairs is often ſpoken of, and little underſtood, I will, in ten words, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation

of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand ſyſtem of Univerſal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monſ. *Colbert*, and put in manuſcript into the hands of *Lewis* the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that ſyſtem, was the getting poſſeſſion of *Straſburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to diſturb the quiet of *Germany* ——and that in conſequence of this plan, *Straſburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true ſprings of this and ſuch like revolutions — The vulgar look too high for them — Stateſmen look too low —— Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one hiſtorian —The *Straſburgers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon —— ſo fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate, ſays another, of the *Straſburgers*, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money.——They anticipated their revenues—— brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and in the end became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the *French* puſhed them open.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the *French*, —— 'twas CURIOSITY puſhed them open——The *French* indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the *Straſburgers*, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe——each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince—but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the *Straſburgers* could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation—it is not the firſt

——and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won——or loſt by Noses.

The END of
Slawkenbergius's TALE.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy——with ſo many family prejudices—and ten decades of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them——how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite ——was it a true noſe?——That a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs——or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture, but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times——taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it—But

was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe, or was it a falſe one?

To tell that before-hand, madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian-world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried *Slawkenbergius*, ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it thro'—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues *Slawkenbergius*, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after it.

'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at *Lyons*, when *Fernandez* left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter *Julia* alone in her chamber, and is overwritten

The INTRICACIES OF *Diego* and *Julia*.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, *Slawkenbergius!* what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated, and yet if this ſpecimen of *Slawkenbergius*'s tales, and the exquiſitiveneſs of his moral, ſhould pleaſe the world—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be.———Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good *Engliſh*, I have no ſort of conception—There ſeems in ſome paſſages to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly.——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone ——which you know, madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings, about the region of the heart.

———The brain made no acknowledgment.——There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em—I felt as if I understood it.——I had no ideas.——The movement could not be without cauſe. —I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it—unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils —is not that dangerous? —— But it can't be avoided—for to look up to the cieling, in that caſe the two chins unavoidably meet —— and to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come to immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference——I mean to the ſentimental part of it.——What is left, madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. XXXVII.

MY father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour

and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-ſide; my uncle *Toby*'s heart was a pound lighter for it.——— In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling—he thruſt it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his boſom—gave a hem! My good uncle *Toby*, with infinite pleaſure, anſwered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a ſentence of conſolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I ſaid, that way, and fearing moreover that he might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now whether the compreſſion ſhortened my uncle *Toby*'s face into a more pleaſurable oval — or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea

of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles——ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.——My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſun-ſhine in his face, as melted down the ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

DID ever man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, raiſing himſelf upon his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed, where my uncle *Toby* was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch——did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, receive ſo many laſhes?——The moſt I ever ſaw given, quoth my uncle *Toby* (ringing the bell at the bed's head for *Trim*) was to a grenadier, I think in *Mackay*'s regiment.

———Had my uncle *Toby* ſhot a bul-

let through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WAS it *Mackay*'s regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was ſo unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats?—O Chriſt! he was innocent! cried *Trim*, with a deep ſigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your honour, almoſt to death's door.—They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.———I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom*'s misfortunes, for we were all three ſchool-fellows, but I cry like a coward.——Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*.—I drop them oft-times myſelf, cried my uncle *Toby*.——I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and ſo

am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke—to think of two virtuous lads with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world—and fall into ſuch evils!—poor *Tom!* to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages—honeſt *Dick Johnſon*'s ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes, cried *Trim*,—pulling out his handkerchief—theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help bluſhing.

'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou ſhouldſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face ———your honour knows I have neither

wife or child——I can have no ſorrows in this world.——My father could not help ſmiling.—As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſſed all ſervices, *Trim*—and haſt outlived thy friends. ——An' pleaſe your honour, never fear, replied *Trim*, chearily.——But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling——thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*—but had not power——tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breaſt——made a bow to the ground, and ſhut the door.

——I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*.——My father ſmiled.———I have left him moreover a penſion, continued my uncle *Toby*.——My father looked grave.

CHAP. XL.

IS this a fit time, ſaid my father to himſelf, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

CHAP. XLI.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my uncle *Toby* had ſhot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when corporal *Trim* left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed—he had all the little preparatory move-

ments to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, madam ——'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another——like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor —— puſhed the chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle *Toby*—when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude —— he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle *Toby*; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle *Toby* as follows:

CHAP. XLII.

WHEN I reflect, brother *Toby*, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble—when I conſider, brother *Toby*, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance———I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting my father—but my commiſſion. Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?———What could I have done without it? replied my uncle *Toby*——— That's another concern, ſaid my father teſtily—But I ſay, *Toby*, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs-reckonings and ſorrowful *Items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand out, and bear itſelf up, as it does, againſt the impoſi-

tions laid upon our nature.———'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together ——'tis not from our own ſtrength, brother *Shandy*——a centinel in a wooden centry-box might as well pretend to ſtand it out againſt a detachment of fifty men.——We are upheld by the grace and the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, ſaid my father, inſtead of untying it.——But give me leave to lead you, brother *Toby*, a little deeper into the myſtery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which *Socrates* is ſo finely painted by *Raffael* in his ſchool of *Athens*; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of *Socrates* is expreſſed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and ſeems as if

he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming——" *You grant me* this—— " and this: and this, and this, I don't " aſk of you—they follow of themſelves " in courſe."

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my uncle *Toby* as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs——O *Garrick!* — what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. XLIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father, yet at the ſame time 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks and hard joſtlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—— was it

not, brother *Toby*, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us. — Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I take to be Religion. — Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other.—— It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle *Toby*. —— Figuratively ſpeaking, dear *Toby*, it may, for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock——at leaſt it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point——had my child arrived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him — fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of chriſtian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irreſiſtibly impreſs upon our characters and conducts—Heaven is wit

neſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my child, I never once wiſhed to crown his head with more glory and honour than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have ſpread around it.

But alas! continued my father, as the greateſt evil has befallen him——I muſt counteract and undo it with the greateſt good.

He ſhall be chriſtened *Triſmegiſtus*, brother.

I wiſh it may anſwer —— replied my uncle *Toby*, riſing up.

CHAP. XLIV.

WHAT a chapter of chances, ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my uncle *Toby* were going down ſtairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother *Toby*, and calculate it fairly——I know no more of calculation than this balluſter, ſaid my

uncle *Toby* (ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone) —— 'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle *Toby* — I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his ſhin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother *Toby*. 'Tis a mere chance, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. ——— Then it adds one to the chapter —— replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once—it was well it ſo fell out—(chance! again) — or the world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation —— to gueſs it — there was no chance —— What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one expreſs, and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it. — Have not I promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes? —— a chapter of noſes? — No, I have

done that — a chapter upon my uncle *Toby*'s modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep—by my great-grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle *Toby*.——I don't comprehend, ſaid my father. ——— Suppoſe the hip had preſented, replied my uncle *Toby*, as Dr. *Slop* foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down —— touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger———

— True, ſaid he.

CHAP. XLV.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle *Toby* are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps:——let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny:—A ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me ——drop the curtain, *Shandy*——I drop it—Strike a line here acroſs the paper, *Triſtram*—I ſtrike it—and hey for a new chapter.

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it——a pretty ſtory! is

a man to follow rules———or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe——that chapters relieve the mind—that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes——with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him?—O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the fire of *Diana*'s temple—you muſt read *Longinus*—read away—if you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over — never fear — read him again—*Avicenna* and *Licetus* read *Ariſtotle*'s metaphyſicks forty times through

a-piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word. — But mark the conſequence — *Avicenna* turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*; and for *Licetus (Fortunio)* though all the world knows he was born a fœtus *, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himſelf———the learned know I mean his *Gonopſychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human ſoul.

* *Ce Fœtus* n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant éxaminé en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon experience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire écclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un pour proprement accommodé, il reuſſit à l'élever & à lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere meſurée éxactement ſur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre inſtrument équivalent.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the beſt chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XLVI.

WE ſhall bring all things to rights, ſaid my father, ſetting his foot upon the firſt ſtep from the landing.—This *Triſmegiſtus*, continued my father, drawing his leg back and turning to my

(Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un pere ſi experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour Puelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on ſe repreſente que l'Enfant a vecu près de quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a compoſé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du côté de la Verité*.

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorſqu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corrigés par M. de la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoiſe.)

uncle *Toby* —— was the greateſt *(Toby)* of all earthly beings—he was the greateſt king —— the greateſt lawgiver —— the greateſt philoſopher —— and the greateſt prieſt —— and engineer—ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

——— In courſe, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XLVII.

—AND how does your miſtreſs? cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to *Suſannah*, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pin-cuſhion in her hand—how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid *Suſannah*, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.—What a fool am I! ſaid my father, drawing his leg back again —let things be as they will, brother *Toby*, 'tis ever the preciſe anſwer—— And how is the child, pray? —— No anſwer. And where is Dr. *Slop?* added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and

looking over the balluſters — *Suſannah* was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my uncle *Toby* —— of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in a marriage ſtate,——of which you may truſt me, brother *Toby*, there are more aſſes loads than all *Job*'s ſtock of aſſes could have carried —— there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this — that from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle *Toby*, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower. — If I meet but a woman with child—I do it. —'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby* — 'Tis a piteous burden upon

'em, continued he, ſhaking his head—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too——but certainly ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all ——— ſaid my
Deuce take } uncle *Toby* and my father, each to himſelf.

CHAP. XLVIII.

HOLLA! —— you, chairman! —— here's ſixpence —— do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop, and call me a *day-tall* critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt *Trim* was boring the jack-boots—and which, by-the-bye, did my father no ſort of good, upon the ſcore of the bad hinge

— they have not elſe ſhut their eyes, ſince nine hours before the time that doctor *Slop* was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by *Obadiah*.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—and to take up—Truce.

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent — an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf—and I believe, will never hold good to any other, until its final deſtruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my third volume*—and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write

* According to the preceding Editions.

juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this — And why not? —— and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—And for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort? as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write—It muſt follow, an' pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write—and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame life of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes

a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect—write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as *Horace* adviſes—I ſhall never overtake myſelf whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch; at the worſt I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes——and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven proſper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us——as I truſt its providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand.——

As for the propagation of Geeſe—I give myſelf no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I ſhall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed?———And how did you manage it?——You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtair-foot—I thought you had no other way for it———Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XLIX.

—THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, ſaid my father to *Suſannah*. —— There is not a moment's time to dreſs you, Sir, cried *Suſannah*— the child is as black in the face as my—— As your what? ſaid my father, for like all orators, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons.—Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid *Suſannah*, the child's in a fit.—And where's Mr. *Yorick?*—Never where he ſhould be, ſaid *Suſannah*, but his curate's in the dreſſing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name — and my miſtreſs bid me run as faſt as I could to know, as captain *Shandy* is the godfather, whether it ſhould not be called after him.

Were one ſure, ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother *Toby* as not— and it would be a pity, in ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a name as *Triſ-*

megiſtus upon him——but he may recover.

No, no,——ſaid my father to *Suſannah*, I'll get up——There is no time, cried *Suſannah*, the child's as black as my ſhoe. *Triſmegiſtus*, ſaid my father ——But ſtay—thou art a leaky veſſel, *Suſannah*, added my father; canſt thou carry *Triſmegiſtus* in thy head, the length of the gallery without ſcattering?——Can I? cried *Suſannah*, ſhutting the door in a huff.——If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart, and kept it—'Tis *Tris*—ſomething, cried *Suſannah*—There is no chriſtian-name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with *Tris*—but *Triſtram*. Then 'tis *Triſtram-giſtus*, quoth *Suſannah*.

——There is no *giſtus* to it, noodle!

Hogarth inv.t Heath sculp.

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—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he ſpoke, into the baſon — *Triſtram!* ſaid he, *&c. &c. &c. &c.* ſo *Triſtram* was I called, and *Triſtram* ſhall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed *Suſannah*, with his night-gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened through haſte with but a ſingle button, and that button through haſte thruſt only half into the button-hole.

—— She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door? ——No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence. —— And the child is better, cried *Suſannah*. —— And how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid *Suſannah*, as can be expected.—Piſh! ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole — So that whether the interjection was levelled at *Suſannah*, or the button-hole — whether Piſh was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have

time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chamber-maids*, my chapter of *piſhes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried Piſh! he whiſk'd himſelf about — and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he turned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. L.

I Wiſh I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn — the candles put out — and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one, for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years, of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would

undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em——and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em——You gentry with great beards——look as grave as you will———I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep——I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary, and the broken-hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty,

has been pleaſed to recompenſe the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us——that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it); or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that whichever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet ſeceſſion.

" God's bleſſing," ſaid *Sancho Pança*, " be upon the man who firſt invented " this ſelf-ſame thing called ſleep — it " covers a man all over like a cloak." Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

—Not that I altogether diſapprove of

what *Montaigne* advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by.—We ſhould ſtudy and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.—For this end I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it.——And yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation—I evade of late all violent exerciſes——I am never weary with walking——but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife——This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world——but remember, "La Vraiſemblance (as *Bayle* ſays in the "affair of *Liceti*) n'eſt pas toujours du "Côté de la Verité." And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. LI.

IF my wife will but venture him—brother *Toby*, *Trifmegiftus* fhall be dreſs'd and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.———

—— Go, tell *Suſannah*, *Obadiah*, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered *Obadiah*, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from *Obadiah*, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face for ſome time—we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother *Toby!*—'Tis ſome miſfortune, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——That it is, cried my father—to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentle-

man's houſe—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother *Toby*, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmoved——whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads. ———

And what's the matter, *Suſannah?* They have called the child *Triſtram*——and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſterick fit about it——No!——'tis not my fault, ſaid *Suſannah*—I told him it was *Triſtram-giſtus*.

—— Make tea for yourſelf, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation — and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for corporal *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſpeaking to *Obadiah*, as ſoon as my father left the room.

CHAP. LII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell ſo heavily upon my father's head; — the reader remembers that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME; —— no.

The different weight, dear Sir——nay even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight —— makes a very wide difference in our manner of bearing and getting through with them. ——It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imagi-

nable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell—— but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elſe in *Nature* would have given ſuch immediate eaſe: She, dear Goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all *provoking caſes*, determines us to a ſally of this or that member — or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why—— But mark, madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries —— the moſt obvious things, which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of nature's works: ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reaſon upon it — yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips —— and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life —— nor

could he carry it up ſtairs like the other —he walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone———reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds——but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither *Pythagoras*, nor *Plato*, nor *Solon*, nor *Lycurgus*, nor *Mahomet*, nor any one of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. LIII.

YOUR honour, ſaid *Trim*, ſhutting the parlour-door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident——— O yes, *Trim*,

ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and it gives me great concern.—I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied *Trim*, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt owing to me. ——To thee—*Trim?*—cried my uncle *Toby*, looking kindly in his face——— 'twas *Sufannah*'s and the curate's folly betwixt them. ——— What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your honour, in the garden? —— In the gallery thou meaneſt, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow ——Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time; —— the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter.——*Trim*'s caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my uncle *Toby*, ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to *Trim* as follows:

———For my own part, *Trim*, though I can ſee little or no difference betwixt

my nephew's being called *Triſtram* or *Triſmegiſtus* — yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, *Trim* ——— I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened.—— A hundred pounds, an' pleaſe your honour! replied *Trim*,——I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot. —— Nor would I, *Trim*, upon my own account, quoth my uncle *Toby* ——— but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe—maintains that a great deal more depends, *Trim*, upon chriſtian-names, than what ignorant people imagine—— for he ſays there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world began by one called *Triſtram* — nay, he will have it, *Trim*, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave. —— 'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your honour — I fought juſt as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me *Trim*, as when they called me *James Butler*. —— And for my own part, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, *Trim* —— yet had my name been

Alexander, I could have done no more at *Namur* than my duty.—Bleſs your honour! cried *Trim*, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his chriſtian-name when he goes upon the attack?——Or when he ſtands in the trench, *Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*, looking firm.——Or when he enters a breach? ſaid *Trim*, puſhing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried *Trim*, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle *Toby*, looking warm and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP. LIV.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond——and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle *Toby* was marching up the glacis——*Trim* recovered his arms——never was

my uncle *Toby* caught in riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle *Toby!* had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father — how hadſt thou then and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too been inſulted!

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-againſt my uncle *Toby*, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to *Ernulphus*'s curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece —— as to my uncle *Toby* who ſat under it —— it is in vain longer, ſaid my father, in the

moſt querulous monotony imaginable, to ſtruggle as I have done againſt this moſt uncomfortable of human perſuaſions——I ſee it plainly, that either for my own ſins, brother *Toby*, or the ſins and follies of the *Shandy* family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heavieſt of its artillery againſt me; and that the proſperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.———Such a thing would batter the whole univerſe about our ears, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—if it was ſo—Unhappy *Triſtram!* child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! miſtake! and diſcontent! What one misfortune or diſaſter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou cameſt into the world ——what evils in thy paſſage into it! ———what evils ſince!——produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days——when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing fee-

ble —— when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful———brother *Toby*, at the beſt, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother *Toby*——'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now —— when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd———were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcattered, and ſent to the devil.———

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him; ———and tried an experiment at leaſt ———whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother *Toby*, to her evacuations and repletions———and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in a courſe of nine months geſtation, have ſet all things to

rights. ——— My child was bereft of theſe! ———What a teazing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſequently her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town? I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle *Toby*————I never heard her utter one fretful word about it. ——— She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worſe for the child—and then! what battles did ſhe fight with me, and what perpetual ſtorms about the midwife. ——— There ſhe gave vent, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.———Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear *Toby*, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremoſt into the world, when all I wiſhed, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have ſaved this little caſket unbroke, unrifled. ———

With all my precautions, how was my ſyſtem turned topſide-turvy in the womb with my child! his head expoſed to the hand of violence, and a preſſure of 470

pounds avoirdupois weight acting ſo perpendicularly upon its apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety *per Cent.* inſurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thouſand tatters.

——Still we could have done.——Fool, coxcomb, puppy——give him but a Nose——Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Gooſecap———(ſhape him as you will) the door of fortune ſtands open—*O Licetus! Licetus!* had I been bleſt with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worſt.

Still, brother *Toby*, there was one caſt of the dye left for our child after all—*O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſtram!*

We will ſend for Mr. *Yorick*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

——You may ſend for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. LV.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and friſking it away, two up and two down for three volumes* together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one ——quoth I to myſelf when I mounted ———I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road.——So off I ſet——up one lane———down another, through this turnpike——over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may——'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf———He's flung —he's off—he's loſt his hat—he's down ——he'll break his neck——ſee!——if he has not galloped full among the ſcaffolding of the undertaking criticks! ——he'll knock his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts—he's bounced out!

* According to the preceding Editions.

—look—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, ſaid I—I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's highway.—But your horſe throws dirt; ſee you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop——I hope in God, 'twas only *Ernulphus*, ſaid I.——But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*, doctors of the *Sorbonne*.——That was laſt year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment upon a king.——Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.——And what is it? You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. LVI.

AS *Francis* the firſt of *France* was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate*—It would not be amiſs, ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and *Switzerland* was a little ſtrengthened.—There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of *France*.—Poo! poo! anſwered the king—there are more ways, Monſ. *le Premier*, of bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving money—I'll pay *Switzerland* the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child.——Your majeſty, ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing, would have all the grammarians in *Europe* upon your back;——*Switzerland*, as a republick, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather.—

* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I

She may be godmother, replied *Francis* haſtily—ſo announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid *Francis* the Firſt, (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from *Switzerland.* ——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. *le Premier*, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs.—They take it kindly, ſaid the king.—They do, Sire, replied the miniſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them——but the republick, as godmother, claims her right, in this caſe, of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king——ſhe will chriſten him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or ſome name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us. Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter —— I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republick on that point alſo.—— And what name has the republick fixed upon for the Dauphin? —— *Shadrach*,

Meſech, *Abed-nego*, replied the miniſter. — By Saint *Peter*'s girdle, I will have nothing to do with the *Swiſs*, cried *Francis* the Firſt, pulling up his breeches and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

We'll pay them in money——ſaid the king.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter.——I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth *Francis* the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur *le Premier*.

Then, Monſ. *le Premier*, ſaid the king, by——— we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP. LVII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch a ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from

other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books — yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to intreat thy lenity ſeriouſly———in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his chriſtian-names — I have no thoughts of treading upon *Francis* the Firſt——nor in the affair of the noſe — upon *Francis* the Ninth — nor in the character of my uncle *Toby* —— of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country — the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind — nor by *Trim* — that I meant the duke of *Ormond*——or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes — If 'tis wrote againſt any thing,—— 'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuc-

cuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. LVIII.

—BUT can the thing be undone, *Yorick?* ſaid my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canoniſt, replied *Yorick*—but of all evils, holding ſuſpenſe to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate theſe great dinners——ſaid my father—The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered *Yorick*——we want, Mr. *Shandy*, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, and others, are all to meet in the

middle of one table, and *Didius* has ſo preſſingly invited you — who in your diſtreſs would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued *Yorick*, is to apprize *Didius*, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject.—Then my brother *Toby*, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

—— Let my old tye-wig, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, *Trim*.

CHAP. LX.

—NO doubt, Sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here — and a chaſm of ten pages made in the book by it — but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy — nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at leaſt upon that ſcore) —— but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I ſhall demonſtrate to your reverences in this manner.—I queſtion firſt, by-the-bye, whether the ſame experiment might not be made as ſucceſsfully upon ſundry other chapters ——— but there is no end, an' pleaſe your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters ——— we have had enough of it——. So there's an end of that matter,

But before I begin my demonſtration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwiſe you would all have been reading juſt now, inſtead of this——was the deſcription of my father's, my uncle *Toby*'s, *Trim*'s, and *Obadiah*'s ſetting out and journeying to the viſitation at * * * *.

We'll go in the coach, ſaid my father —Prithee, have the arms been altered, *Obadiah?*—It would have made my ſtory much better to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the *Shandy*'s, when the coach was re-painted upon my father's marriage, it had ſo fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left-hand, like *Turpilius* the *Roman*, or *Hans Holbein* of *Baſil*——or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand——or whether, laſtly, it was from the ſiniſter turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take——it ſo fell out, however, to our reproach, that inſtead of the *bend-dexter*, which ſince *Harry* the

Eighth's reign was honeſtly our due ——— a *bend-ſiniſter*, by ſome of theſe fatalities, had been drawn quite acroſs the field of the *Shandy* arms. 'Tis ſcarce credible that the mind of ſo wiſe a man as my father was, could be ſo much incommoded with ſo ſmall a matter. The word coach—let it be whoſe it would—or coach-man, or coach-horſe, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the *bend-ſiniſter* was taken out—but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Deſtinies* had ſet down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiſer families than ours)———but never to be mended.

— Has the *bend-ſiniſter* been bruſh'd out, I ſay? ſaid my father. ——— There

has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered *Obadiah*, but the lining. We'll go o'horseback, said my father, turning to *Yorick*.——Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said *Yorick*. — No matter for that, cried my father——I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.—Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle *Toby*, putting on his tye-wig.——No, indeed, said my father—you may go with my aunt *Dinah* to a visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit—My poor uncle *Toby* blush'd. My father was vexed at himself.——No——my dear brother *Toby*, said my father, changing his tone —— but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did *December*, *January*, and *February* last winter—so if you please you shall ride my wife's pad——and as you are to preach, *Yorick*, you had better make the best of your way before——and leave me to take care of my brother *Toby*, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal *Trim* and *Obadiah*, upon two coach horſes a-breaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrole—— whilſt my uncle *Toby*, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

—But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtile and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene; and deſtroying at the ſame time that neceſſary equipoiſe and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like

humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.

—This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well——(as *Yorick* told my uncle *Toby* one night) by ſiege.——My uncle *Toby* looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, ſaid *Homenas*——run over my notes—— ſo I humm'd over doctor *Homenas*'s notes —the modulation's very well——'twill do, *Homenas*, if it holds on at this rate ——ſo on I humm'd——and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was, but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly,—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world; now had I (as *Montaigne* complained in a parallel accident) — had I

found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible———certes I had been outwitted. ——— Your notes, *Homenas*, I ſhould have ſaid, are good notes;——but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice ———ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I humm'd I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize —take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. LXI.

——SEE if he is not cutting it into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!——'Tis abominable, anſwered *Didius*; it ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid doctor *Kyſarcius*———☞ he was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid *Didius*, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and *Yorick* —— you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtic ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. *Yorick*—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion to have ſhewn your contempt of what we have been about: If the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with ——'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body——'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—— I have got him faſt hung up, quoth *Didius* to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma——let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth *Yorick*, upon this occaſion ——— that I declare, *Didius*, I would ſuffer martyrdom—and if it was poſſible my

horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me —— it came from my head inſtead of my heart ——— and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it, in this manner—To preach, to ſhew the extent of our reading, or the ſubtleties of our wit—to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinſel'd over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and leſs warmth —— is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor ſingle half hour in a week which is put into our hands — 'Tis not preaching the goſpel—but ourſelves —— For my own part, continued *Yorick*, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—

As *Yorick* pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle *Toby* roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles —— when a ſingle word and no more uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table drew every

one's ears towards it — a word of all others in the dictionary the laſt in that place to be expected — a word I am aſhamed to write — yet muſt be written —— muſt be read — illegal — uncanonical — gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves — rack — torture your invention for ever, you're where you was ——— In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XLII.

ZOUNDS! ——————————————————————— Z——— ds! cried *Phutatorius*, partly to himſelf —— and yet high enough to be heard — and what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in

muſick—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it — the concord was good in itſelf — but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted; —— ſo that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that *Phutatorius*, who was ſomewhat of a cholerick ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of *Didius*'s hands, in order to bemaul *Yorick* to ſome purpoſe — and that the deſperate monoſyllable Z——ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him; ſo that my uncle *Toby*'s goodnature felt a pang for what *Yorick* was about to undergo. But ſeeing *Phutatorius* ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on—a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny

oath — without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it on the contrary as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſly formed againſt *Yorick*, to whom he was known to bear no good liking — which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of *Phutatorius*'s purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood which was driven into the right ventricle of *Phutatorius*'s heart, by the ſtroke of ſurprize which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which *Phutatorius* uttered —— who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that *Phutatorius*'s mind was intent upon the

ſubject of debate which was ariſing between *Didius* and *Yorick*; and indeed as he looked firſt towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards — who would not have thought the ſame? But the truth was, that *Phutatorius* knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own *Galligaſkins*, and in a part of them, where of all others he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: So that notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſkrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to *Yorick*, who ſat over-againſt him —— yet, I ſay, was *Yorick* never once in any one domicile of *Phutatorius*'s brain——but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that *Gaſtripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on — obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over —— *Gaſtripheres* inforcing his orders about them, that *Didius*, but *Phutatorius* eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle *Toby* interrupted *Yorick*'s harangue — *Gaſtripheres*'s cheſnuts were brought in—and as *Phutatorius*'s fondneſs for 'em was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before *Phutatorius*, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—

it ſo fell out, however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as *Phutatorius* ſat ſtraddling under—— it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of *Putatorius*'s breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all *Johnſon*'s dictionary —— let it ſuffice to ſay —— it was that particular aperture which, in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of *Janus* (in peace at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in *Phutatorius* (which by-the-bye ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.——

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking———but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of *Acrites* or *Mythogeras* in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it — and are ſo to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event——but that the

cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of its own accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other ——was a real judgment upon *Phutatorius*, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, which *Phutatorius* had publiſhed about twenty years ago —— and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy —— much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion — all that concerns me as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in *Phutatorius*'s breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut; —— and that the cheſnut, ſomehow or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without *Phutatorius*'s perceiving it, or any one elſe at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the

firſt twenty or five-and-twenty ſeconds —— and did no more than gently ſolicit *Phutatorius*'s attention towards the part: ———But the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain, the ſoul of *Phutatorius*, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place of danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, *Phutatorius* was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in

at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter; —— but the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind — a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat — it might, notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a *Newt* or an *Aſker*, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth—— the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized *Phutatorius* with a ſudden panick, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard: —— the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he roſe that interjection of ſurpriſe ſo much deſcanted upon, with the apoſiopeſtic break after it, marked thus, Z———ds — which, though not

ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion; ——— and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, *Phutatorius* could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction, than juſt to allow time for *Phutatorius* to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for *Yorick* to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind:—— What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things——that trifles, light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it——that *Euclid*'s demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut

which *Phutatorius*'s wrath had flung down —— the action was trifling —— I am aſhamed to account for it — he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure — and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for. ——— But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in *Phutatorius*'s head: He conſidered this act of *Yorick*'s in getting off his chair and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the cheſnut was originally his — and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for *Yorick*, who ſat directly over againſt *Phutatorius*, of ſlipping the cheſnut in —— and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which *Phutatorius* caſt full upon *Yorick* as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his

opinion——and as *Phutatorius* was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one;—— and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given —— in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world——the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them.—The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that *Yorick* had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which *Phutatorius* had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world——and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in *Yorick*'s prank—and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into *Phutatorius*'s * * *—— * * * * *, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book—the doctrines of which,

they ſaid, had enflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This conceit awaken'd *Somnolentus*—— made *Agelaſtes* ſmile —— and if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle ——— it threw *Gaſtripheres*'s into that form—and in ſhort was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: *Yorick*, no doubt, as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor ——— "*was a man of jeſt*," but it was temper'd with ſomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame; — but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for——or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to

take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe——— he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he even looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike ſo injurious to him — he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them —— and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconveniencies in many reſpects—in the preſent it was followed by the fixed reſentment of *Phutatorius*, who, as *Yorick* had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it — which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only — that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

——The ſmile was for the company.

——The threat was for *Yorick*.

CHAP. LXIII.

—CAN you tell me, quoth *Phutatorius*, ſpeaking to *Gaſtripheres* who ſat next to him —— for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair —— can you tell me, *Gaſtripheres*, what is beſt to take out the fire?——Aſk *Eugenius*, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*.——That greatly depends, ſaid *Eugenius*, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part——If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up ——— It is both the one and the other, replied *Phutatorius*, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it. ——— If that is the caſe, ſaid *Eugenius*, I would adviſe you, *Phutatorius*, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the

preſs — you need do nothing more than twiſt it round.—The damp paper, quoth *Yorick* (who ſat next to his friend *Eugenius)* though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no more than the vehicle—and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs. —Right, ſaid *Eugenius*, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I ſhould ſpread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly. ——— That would make a very devil of it, replied *Yorick.*—— And beſides, added *Eugenius*, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription, which the Faculty hold to be half in half; —— for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) the ſanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely

thin, and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to. ——— It falls out very luckily, replied *Phutatorius*, that the ſecond edition of my treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis* is at this inſtant in the preſs. ——— You may take any leaf of it, ſaid *Eugenius* ——— no matter which. —— Provided, quoth *Yorick*, there is no bawdry in it. ———

They are juſt now, replied *Phutatorius*, printing off the ninth chapter —— which is the laſt chapter but one in the book. —— Pray what is the title of that chapter? ſaid *Yorick*; making a reſpectful bow to *Phutatorius* as he ſpoke. ——— I think, anſwered *Phutatorius*, 'tis that *de re concubinariâ*.

For Heaven's ſake keep out of that chapter, quoth *Yorick*.

—— By all means—added *Eugenius*.

CHAP. LXIV.

—NOW, quoth *Didius*, rising up, and laying his right hand with his fingers spread upon his breast—— had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the Reformation ——— [It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself] and when baptism was administer'd in *Latin*—['Twas all in *English*, said my uncle] ——— many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the *Latin* tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ & filia & spiritum sanctos*—the baptism was held null.——I beg your pardon, replied *Kysarcius* —— in that case, as the mistake was only the *terminations*, the baptism was valid —— and to have rendered it

null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of each noun ——— and not, as in your caſe, upon the laſt.

My father delighted in ſubtleties of this kind, and liſten'd with infinite attention.

Gaſtripheres, for example, continued *Kyſarcius*, baptizes a child of *John Stradling*'s in *Gomine* gatris, *&c. &c*, inſtead of *in Nomine* patris, *&c.* —— Is this a baptiſm? No—ſay the ableſt canoniſts; in as much as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not ſignify a name, nor *gatris* a father.—What do they ſignify? ſaid my uncle *Toby*. — Nothing at all ——— quoth *Yorick*. —— Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid *Kyſarcius*. ——

In courſe, anſwered *Yorick*, in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt.——

But in the caſe cited, continued *Kyſarcius*, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on —— as it is a

fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch as the ſame ſenſe continues in the words as before. —— But then, ſaid *Didius*, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically muſt have been proved to have gone along with it. ———— Right, anſwered *Kyſarcius*; and of this, brother *Didius*, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope *Leo* the IIId.——But my brother's child, cried my uncle *Toby*, has nothing to do with the Pope ——— 'tis the plain child of a Proteſtant gentleman, chriſten'd *Triſtram* againſt the wills and wiſhes both of his father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.——

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid *Kyſarcius*, interrupting my uncle *Toby*, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. *Shandy*'s child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. *Shandy*, of all people, has the leaſt to do in it. —— My uncle *Toby* lay'd down his

pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

——It has not only been a queſtion, Captain *Shandy*, amongſt the * beſt lawyers and civilians in this land, continued *Kyſarcius*, "*Whether the mother be of kin* "*to her child*," — but, after much diſpaſſionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides — it has been adjudged for the negative — namely, "*That* "*the mother is not of kin to her child* †." My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle *Toby*'s mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear; — the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero* — and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument — he begg'd my uncle *Toby*, for Heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it. — My uncle *Toby* gave a nod — reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling *Lillabullero* inwardly —— *Kyſarcius*, *Didius*, and *Triptolemus* went on with the diſcourſe as follows.

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, Part 7. § 8.

† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

This determination, continued *Kyſarcius*, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide; and has been put out of all manner of diſpute from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of *Suffolk*'s caſe. ——— It is cited in *Brook*, ſaid *Triptolemus* ——— And taken notice of by Lord *Coke*, added *Didius*. — And you may find it in *Swinburn* on Teſtaments, ſaid *Kyſarcius*.

The caſe, Mr. *Shandy*, was this.

In the reign of *Edward* the Sixth, *Charles* duke of *Suffolk* having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein he deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo—— but without will, without wife, and without child — his mother and his ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of

the 21ſt of *Harry* the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother, the ſiſter by the father's ſide commenced a ſuit before the Eccleſiaſtical Judge, alledging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore prayed the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue — and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made——the moſt learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were conſulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no. — Whereunto not only

the temporal lawyers——but the church lawyers — the juris-conſulti — the juris-prudentes — the civilians — the advocates — the commiſſaries — the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of *Canterbury* and *York*, with the maſter of the faculties, were all unanimouſly of opinion, That the mother was not of * kin to her child.——

And what ſaid the ducheſs of *Suffolk* to it? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

The unexpectedneſs of my uncle *Toby*'s queſtion, confounded *Kyſarcius* more than the ableſt advocate——He ſtopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face without replying ——— and in that ſingle minute *Triptolemus* put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, ſaid *Triptolemus*, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is, that the child may be of

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineor. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.

the blood and ſeed of its parents —— that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inaſmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For ſo they write, *Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.*

—— But this, *Triptolemus*, cried *Didius*, proves too much — for from this authority cited it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child — but the father likewiſe. —— It is held, ſaid *Triptolemus*, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet are they but *(una caro *)* one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred —— or any method of acquiring one *in nature*. —— There you puſh the argument again too far, cried *Didius* —— for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law —— but that a

* Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

man may beget a child upon his grandmother——in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried *Kyſarcius*, of laying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied *Yorick*, whom *Selden* ſpeaks of——who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation.—"You laid, Sir, with my mo-"ther," ſaid the lad—"why may not I "lay with yours?"——'Tis the *Argumentum commune*, added *Yorick*.——'Tis as good, replied *Eugenius*, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.

CHAP. LXV.

—AND pray, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, leaning upon *Yorick*, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs——don't be terrified, madam, this ſtair-caſe converſation is

not ſo long as the laſt —— And pray, *Yorick*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, which way is this ſaid affair of *Triſtram* at length ſettled by theſe learned men? Very ſatisfactorily, replied *Yorick*; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it —— for Mrs. *Shandy* the mother is nothing at all a-kin to him —— and as the mother's is the ſureſt ſide —— Mr. *Shandy*, in courſe is ſtill leſs than nothing ——— In ſhort, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am. ——

——— That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

—— Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certainly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the ducheſs of *Suffolk* and her ſon.

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth *Yorick*, to this hour.

CHAP. LXVI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes ——— 'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone ——— The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us. — He became penſive — walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond — let down one loop of his hat ——— ſigh'd often ——— forbore to ſnap — and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as *Hippocrates* tells us — he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds, by my aunt *Dinah*.

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family.—A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns — he would do this, and that, and t'other — He would go to *Rome* —— he would go to law —— he would buy ſtock —— he would buy *John Hobſon*'s farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even —— There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a wind-mill on the other ſide of the river in full view to anſwer it—But above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great *Ox-moor*, and ſend out my brother *Bobby* immediately upon his travels.

But as the ſum was *finite*, and conſequently could not do every thing —— and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt im-

preſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and like a prudent man had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the *Miſſiſippi*-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer——yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the *Shandy*-eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the pri-

ority or juſtice of their claims——like a wiſe man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis ——— the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my Brother, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind — which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

——People may laugh as they will— but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts before marriage — not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad

—*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt chriſtian indulgence—— to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore ——and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt *Shandy* unwhirl'd about *Europe* in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—— would be uſing him ten times worſe than a *Turk*.

On the other hand, the caſe of the *Oxmoor* was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds —— it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before — beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the *Shandy*-family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill

ſpoken of above—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family—yet by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on —— it had all along moſt ſhamefully been overlook'd; and to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (*Obadiah* ſaid) who underſtood the value of the land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground —— nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing —— he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair ——— till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above (and which had aroſe about its boundaries) ——— which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argu-

ment in its favour, and upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it——and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions———ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done — reading books of farming one day——— books of travels another——laying aſide all paſſion whatever — viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances — communing every day with my uncle *Toby* — arguing with *Yorick*, and talking over the whole affair of the *Ox-moor* with *Obadiah*——— yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far

counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, tho' the *Ox-moor* would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay —— yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother *Bobby* —— let *Obadiah* ſay what he would.———

In point of intereſt —— the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the *Ox-moor*, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return —— the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the *Ox-moor* would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of

rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—— beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—— and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred—— but in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty——if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans——beſides potatoes without end.——But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother, like a hog to eat them —— knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpence —— that, as he often declared to my uncle *Toby* —— he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: for to ſay nothing of the havock, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you

know convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on——it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME—— had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil——the misfortune of my brother *Bobby*'s death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?——from ſorrow to ſorrow?——to button up one cauſe of vexation——and unbutton another?

CHAP. LXVII.

FROM this moment I am to be conſidered as heir-apparent to the *Shandy* family —— and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and my OPINIONS ſets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building —— and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed ſince *Adam*. In leſs than five minutes I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it—I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time —— I have a thing to name —— a thing to lament——a thing to hope—— a thing to promiſe, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare —— a thing to conceal —— a thing to chooſe, and a

thing to pray for ——— This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS ——— and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards, with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is the Campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle *Toby*, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantick a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own — I will anſwer for it the book ſhall make its way in the world, much better than its maſter has done before it. —— Oh *Triſtram! Triſtram!* can this but be once brought about —— the credit, which will attend

thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man —— thou wilt feaſt upon the one —— when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other! ——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours — They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em —— aſſure yourſelves, good folks — (nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it) I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words! —— and that's the thing I have to *declare*. ——— I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear —— and the thing I *hope* is, that your worſhips and reverences are not offended — if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year to be offended at —— that's my dear *Jenny*'s way — but who my *Jenny* is — and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed* — it ſhall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of

Button-holes —— and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe * three volumes —— the thing I have to *aſk* is, how you feel your heads? my own akes diſmally! ——— as for your healths, I know, they are much better. — True *Shandeiſm*, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all thoſe affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through its channels, makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like *Sancho Panca*, to chooſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime — or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of; — no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: And as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politick

* According to the preceding Editions.

as body natural——and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon ——— I ſhould add to my prayer—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people under heaven.

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month, when, (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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